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The Whole Outfit

Caught On The Fly

Fugitive Notes Of Sport And Other Things

By

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These trifling sketches are
dedicated to
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
as a sincere but painfully inadequate expression
of the honor in which he is held
by the writer

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Preamble

MANY of the following notes have appeared from time to time in "*Forest and Stream*," and I am indebted to that journal for permission to reproduce them. In order to cover more fully the ground actually traversed, most of the published sketches have been expanded, and a number of new chapters have been added.

The pictures are from photographs by the writer (though the bulb has often been squeezed by a proxy), except where credit has been given to others. The frequent appearance of his own image should be ascribed to a desire for a gauge of size, for comparison, and not to personal vanity. All of these photographs are reproduced without retouching or alteration of any kind. The game and fish are personal trophies, unless otherwise stated, and the yardstick appearing with some of the heads will show approximate dimensions.

These notes cover a period of fifteen years or more, during which length of time almost any one must learn something, so my conclusions have doubtless been modified from time to time. This will account for any contradictions or inconsistencies which may appear in these pages.

I have had rather more outdoor life and sport than most of the toilers in the great workshop called the United States, so my modest experiences may be interesting and helpful to some of the less lucky in this respect. If this should not prove to be the case it has at least been pleasant to recall them and not bad fun to write them out. What is stated as fact is scrupulously accurate, but my opinions are of course of uncertain value.

Cleveland, May 1st, 1908.

The Charm Of The Wild

HAT is the charm of the wild; that deep seated and powerful craving which makes us willing and eager to surrender comforts and refinements, that in town seem indispensable, to wear rough clothes, eat coarse food from a tin plate, endure cold, heat, storm, privation and fatigue; work day after day, for nothing, harder than we ever do for pay; delight in it all and long to get back to it again and again?

First, it is different. How tired we all get of our every-day surroundings, of skyscrapers, elevators and trolley cars, of paved streets, plumbers and newspapers, of stenographers and bills. In camp all these vanish from memory as if they never had been, and life is made over again with impressions and purposes, all new and fresh, that restore our exhausted beings as a change of crop restores worn out land.

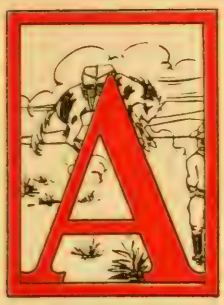
Then it is simple. Modern life has grown intolerably complex, burdened with a multitude of artificial needs, and we toil day and night for Lowell's "cap and bells." How sweet it is to come down to the strict necessary and cease the never ending struggle for things of no real importance.

Last and greatest, it is free. Civilized man is fenced in and out by countless barriers of custom and habit, tied by conventional bonds stronger, tighter and harder to break than those of the civil, criminal or moral law. In the wilds these fetters drop off and man concerns himself with realities and lets appearances go. How good it is to go for a month without a looking glass, to wear clothes only for warmth, to sit or lie when and where you please, without caring for the crease of your trousers or the hang of your coat, to take food for hunger and rest for fatigue, want what you really need and have it, do what you want to, where you want to and when you want to. *Ah! Que c'est beau d'etre libre!* How *good* it is to be free.

Young Bull Moose—1

Impressions Of A Tenderfoot

Forest and Stream, Dec. 8, 1894.



"TENDERFOOT" I understand to be one born in the East and who for the first time treads the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. I believe that mere transit on a through express, or even a stay at Colorado Springs or Manitou, does not relieve one of the contemptuous appellation. To lose this epithet one born east of, say Kansas City, must leave the paths and the garb in which he has been wont to walk, and immerse himself in the vast spaces of the West. It does not seem to matter whether he mines, ranches, fishes or hunts big game, but personal experience of ranges, mesas, gulches, sage brush, buttes and bronchos is essential.

Having been born in the State which has succeeded Virginia in bearing the title of "Mother of Presidents," and to which the beautiful but unsatisfactory buckeye has given its common name, I had only seen the great West during various business errands, generally connected with the fruitless attempt to make the sanguine children of the setting sun carry out contracts to repay Eastern capital, or to find why similar

capital, like some of the rivers that flow from the eastern slope of the Rockies, seemed to sink into the ground and be lost, doubtless fertilizing and refreshing the immediate course of flow but never reaching the seaboard. In this happy summer however, being temporarily free from such cares, I was invited to join a party to hunt and fish in the Elk Head Mountains, which lie in the northwestern corner of Colorado, and now can proudly boast a familiarity with many things and scenes which are peculiar to the boundless West. Whether the obnoxious name has really left me is still not a certainty, but as two big bull elk fell to my rifle, while my acclimated companions failed to get a single one, they seemed to believe that I was gaining at least a slight familiarity with the country.

First on the list of my novel impressions comes acquaintance with the broncho. He is of mixed descent, on one side coming from the mustang and on the other from the eastern horse, but the proportions of blood must vary very greatly; still the type is distinct. He is generally small, perhaps averaging about eight hundred pounds, and seems to have no distinctive color or marking. Ordinarily he is a sleepy and biddable beast, who travels with his head down and exerts only as much effort as is absolutely necessary; but this gentleness and quiet simply give an opportunity for the storage of energy, and, on proper stimulus, this calm

Starting Out

and passive animal expends his accumulated force with terrific and tumultuous effects.

Among our pack animals was a little pot-bellied brown horse who was one day plodding along under a pack of two hundred pounds, and seemed half asleep. Suddenly, for no reason that I could see, he concluded to get his pack off. Down went his head; up went his back; and a fine exhibition of genuine buck-jumping was begun without notice. When this did not loosen the well-tied squaw-hitch, he seemed to go absolutely mad. Screaming like a steam whistle he tore at the pack with his teeth, dashed against trees, reared, plunged and rolled, until finally the pack fell from him. Then, his aim being accomplished, a perfect calm succeeded, and no objection was made to the replacing of the pack or to carrying it afterward.

The broncho is a creature of the wilds, and is equal to any difficulty which they present. On my first day we rode forty miles over a range, with no road or path beyond an occasional game trail. We went through spruce forests, over fallen timber, up steep and stony mountain sides and down again, and the orders to me were: "Leave your rein loose and let your horse go." I followed these instructions literally, although when my broncho was descending slopes of about forty-five degrees, and jumping over big logs on the down grade, it seemed reasonably certain that we were both going

Young Bull Elk—1

to everlasting smash, and one escape did not seem to furnish any reason why the next peril should be safely passed. On such a slope I remember coming to a couple of fallen trees lying across each other, perhaps two feet high on the upper side and four or five on the lower. My black carefully examined the obstacle, and then coolly leaped it, alighted in a sitting position, slid about ten feet, brought up and went calmly on. Looking back I saw my brother's horse go through precisely the same performance, and as he leaped the pair seemed to be going directly into eternity.

Nearly all our hunting was done from the saddle, in spite of the tremendously rough nature of the country. Several of the horses were the perfection of shooting ponies, and seemed to actually hold their breath when the rifle was lifted for a shot. All of them would stand, provided the long reins were thrown down and allowed to hang, and it was a matter of only a moment to dismount. When game was known to be near we generally left our horses and hunted on foot, returning to them after success or failure.

Second only in force and novelty to the broncho impression was that of the country where we camped. To reach it we had come eighty miles by stage, passing through a barren land, where only the immediate valleys of the rivers were fertile, and had ridden forty miles, all the latter being through sagebrush except

while actually crossing the ridges, until we were within six miles of camp. There we came to the edge of the so-called "Park country," a region heavily timbered with magnificent spruces, the forest being frequently divided by open glades, varying from fifty feet to a mile or more in width, covered with grass and flowers and dotted with single trees or small clumps of timber. It was a country of running brooks and singing birds, and especially fitted for game of all kinds. Out of it rose magnificent mountain peaks of purple-brown trap, giving grandeur to its beauty. The whole region seemed to have been laid out by a most skillful landscape gardener, on a colossal scale and regardless of expense, and had an air of finish that seemed incredible in an absolute wilderness, forty miles from anywhere. None of this timbered country can be less than nine thousand feet above the sea, and its fertility, as contrasted with the barrenness of the lower country, is doubtless caused by the accumulation of snow upon the mountains, whose gradual melting keeps only the upper levels moist.

The mule deer *(Cervus macrotis)* abounds in this park country, and we rarely saw less than thirty in any one day. There seemed to be two distinct varieties, differing decidedly in shape and color. Among the glades around our camp we found slender, long-limbed bucks, decidedly light brown in color, and with the

face a nearly uniform mouse gray. In the scrub oak near the edge of the desert the deer were much larger, shorter and thicker, lighter and grayer in color, and with a very light gray patch, almost white, across the face. Our guides made a distinction between the gray bucks and the "bald-faced" bucks, and insisted that the two types always kept at different levels, as we found them.

Where elk can be found, however, one thinks but little of deer, and we were chiefly in pursuit of the greater and rarer game. For the first week after reaching camp, which was early in September, they could only be found in the dense spruce forest close to the mountain peaks. Later they seemed to travel more, and the sound of their trumpet became not uncommon. When the bull is young, and the call is heard at a distance, it sounds singularly like a human whistle; heard closer at hand, or from an older animal, the note is more harsh and strident. The old bulls bellow in deep tones not very unlike those of a domestic bull. Fortune sent me the first shot at an adult male, and rewarded it with a handsome twelve-point head, with rather light antlers—the animal being still young. My great prize came on the last day's hunt.

Two of us had crossed the ridge and were in the aspen timber about two miles from camp, when we heard a young bull call at a considerable distance down

Young Bull Elk—2

the mountain. Leaving our horses we started toward the sound on foot, but after walking a mile or more we heard the call again on our left and high up the slope. We then separated, my brother keeping on, and I went back toward the horses, and had nearly reached them when suddenly an elk appeared on my right, three hundred yards up the hill. He was strolling slowly, parallel with my own course, and occasionally taking a bite of grass. Instantly I started toward him, keeping behind trees as well as possible, and running as fast as a defective lung, an elevation of ten thousand feet, and a pretty steep hill would permit. While running I saw that this bull was followed by other elk, marching slowly in single file and appearing one by one from the thick timber. Knowing that the large bull is usually at the rear end of a procession of this kind, and having already a better head than the first one had, I determined to wait and take my chance of a big fellow, so, entirely out of breath and tremendously excited, I dropped behind a rock about a hundred and fifty yards from the line and waited. Eight cows, a calf and another young bull passed me one by one, and at last a mighty head bearing a huge pair of antlers appeared between the aspen trunks, and in a moment the monarch of the herd stepped into a little glade before me and strolled slowly across it. As his head appeared I sighted just in front of it, and when the ivory bead of

Blacktail Buck—1

the Lyman sight showed fairly back of the shoulder pulled the trigger. The bull did not even start or flinch. Then I forgot my breathlessness, my excitement and everything else but that elk. In an instant a second cartridge was in place, a steady aim taken, and at the shot the great bull dropped to his knees, but rose at once and continued his steady walk. So he kept on walking and I kept on shooting until the aspens on the other side of the glade concealed him. Then I dropped on the rock and sat and gasped from excitement and exertion together for at least ten minutes.

When breath came back I walked slowly up the hill to the point of his vanishing, and only a few yards beyond found the great elk stone dead and with four bullets clean through him. The orifice of exit was scarcely larger than that of entrance, and the balls had evidently lost but little velocity in passing through nearly two feet of flesh and bone, showing the great power of the .45-90-300 cartridge.

We had no means of weighing or exactly measuring this animal, but estimated his weight at one thousand pounds, or over, his height at the withers over five feet and the weight of his head and horns at about seventy-five pounds. The horns were very long and remarkably heavy, having the usual twelve regular points, and three large and four small reversed points, so that he could properly be called a nineteen-point

head. Having a kodak in camp I was able to get a good photograph of "the entire outfit," which Western expression corresponds strictly to the Yankee "the whole kit and caboodle."

Munising Bay

ON THE south coast of Lake Superior, forty miles east of Marquette and just west of the famous "Pictured Rocks," the shore curves in sharply making a deep and broad harbor, across the mouth of which lies Grand Island. The bay is almost completely landlocked, gives shelter from all winds, and is well known as a refuge for vessels from Lake Superior's gales. In size, outline of shores and character of vegetation on them, it singularly resembles an Adirondack lake, and is as beautiful as any of them, peerless Placid perhaps excepted.

Back in the fifties the charcoal iron industry flourished here and quite a town sprang up on the east side; but the industry ceased to be profitable, the furnaces were abandoned, the houses deserted one by one, and for over thirty years no one has lived there but a few fishermen and the keeper of the government light. Within the last year, however, parties owning large tracts of timber lands have determined to develop their resources; a railroad has been organized and is under construction; large tanneries, stave and hoop mills, and other manufactories are being erected; docks, switches, a bank, stores and dwellings are rapidly taking shape;

a daily paper has been established, a city organized, and the vigorous tide of life has invaded this once peaceful region. I suppose all this is in the line of progress, and it certainly is for the good of the land owners, but it is now only a question of time when much of the peculiar charm must vanish, never to return.

The Anna River Club, an organization largely composed of Marquette gentlemen, has been established for several years at the south end of the bay, just where the little Anna River joins it, and has built a cosy and comfortable log house for their accommodation and that of the happy mortals who are invited to partake of their well-known hospitality and share their peculiar privileges. It was my good fortune to be one of those favored individuals on the invitation of Mr. Fayette Brown, of Cleveland, well known as a thorough business man, expert fisherman and naturalist and the best of good fellows, and on one of the golden days of early September of last year I began an experience not soon to be forgotten.

The bay is bordered by a belt of shallow water, exquisitely clear and clean, and deepens very gradually for about seventy-five yards from shore, where it is ten or twelve feet to the bottom. Thence it plunges off very rapidly, reaching a depth of fifty to one hundred feet within a few rods. Along this ridge or shoulder flour-

Bull Elk—2

ishes a growth of water weeds, rising nearly to the surface and broken into clumps, promontories and depressions in and around which the trout lie. The fisherman, anchoring his boat according to the direction of the wind on one side or the other of the belt of weeds, lets it drift within good casting distance and then uses his fly or bait with perfect convenience.

A favorite and fatal method of fishing is to use rather a large hook, well covered with angle worms and with a split shot at the base, make a long cast with a strong fly-rod and then gradually draw in the line through the rings. When the line tightens a strike is apt to develop a very big trout and considerable sport will ensue before he gets near the landing net. Although a fly-fisherman by pre-disposition and inheritance it seemed to me best to follow the local customs; but, after having messed with worms, strained my rod and nearly put a hook through my ear, I determined to catch those trout on the fly or go without. The hated worms and bullet came off, a leader rigged with a coachman, Montreal and Parmacheene on No. 4 hooks took its place, and I began diligent work. Several spots were tried without success, but finally, near the mouth of the little river, a place was found where the weeds were much broken into clumps and there I took my first trout on the fly. After this I always began fishing at this point and moved only when nothing de-

veloped, and this was not uncommon, for these trout were especially freaky and uncertain in their tastes. Many a time I have cast diligently for hours without a rise while the surface around me showed no sign. Suddenly there would be a great splash as a two-pounder left the water close by and then for an hour fish would rise all about me, while never a one would touch the fly. But patient waiting and work, such as my old friend Fuller of Meacham Lake calls "stick-to-it-iveness," would always win in the end, and when success came it was always abundant.

By far the most successful fly, though I tried about every usual pattern, was the plain coachman. This would be selected from the cast by fully four fish out of five, and they generally seemed to prefer the upper dropper of my three flies, I suppose because this fly was more on the surface and moved most naturally. When trout would not come to the surface at all I sometimes caught them by making a long cast, letting the flies sink quite deeply, and then very slowly and jerkily reeling them in. I saw almost no small fish, rarely taking one of less than a pound, while the usual size was rather larger, and fish of two or three pounds, or even more, are common. They seem to gain a certain size before venturing out into the open water of the bay. All of these fish, even the largest I took, which weighed three and three-quarter pounds and rose fairly, were slim

and shapely, and most magnificently vigorous, instead of being comparatively heavy and logy, as I have found most large trout to be in comparison with fish of one pound or under. Evidently the normal size of the Lake Superior trout is very large, and he does not begin to grow thick and heavy until he reaches four or five pounds at least. Of course the open water, abundance of room and absence of obstructions, give a great advantage to the rod, and with patience and care one should land almost every fish hooked, no matter how heavy and strong.

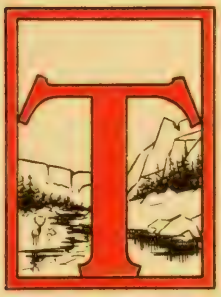
These big fellows take more than "a slight turn of the wrist" to hook them. One must strike sharp and hard to set the big hook deep in their bony jaws. When this habit is once formed it is very difficult to get rid of, so I always strike too hard for small fish. We are all prone to exaggerate the resistance made by a hooked fish and the time required to completely subdue him, and a spring balance and stop watch would change our views as to both particulars. The strain against the hand is of course magnified very many times by the leverage of the rod, and the time consumed is similarly multiplied by the imagination. I think that a fish can rarely exert a force equal to the dead pull of his own weight, and that two or three minutes for each pound of weight should be the outside limit of time necessary to reduce any of the sal-

Whitetail Buck—2

monidæ to entire subjection. These estimates are of course only approximate, and I shall try to verify them by actual tests when the next opportunity comes.

A Tenderfoot In Colorado

Forest and Stream, Nov. 14, 1896.



THIS is an attempt to describe an expedition after elk, deer and other game to the extreme northwest corner of Colorado. It is not intended as a manual for experienced sportsmen or to take the place of Van Dyke's "Still Hunter" and Roosevelt's graphic books, nor will the skilled Western hunter find in it any suggestions by which he may guide his career. It is a record of the personal experience of a tenderfoot, who had shot some deer and caught some trout in less favored regions, and who writes with the earnest desire, which will doubtless prove fruitless, to give his own kind of sportsmen some idea of the charm of the wild portion of the Western country and of the pleasures which may still be found there. A portion of my experiences have been already published, "Impressions of a Tenderfoot," *Forest and Stream,* December 8, 1894, but I hope that a more detailed account will not be uninteresting. Should it prove so, the fault will be in my lack of ability as a word painter and not in the real charm of the things I am trying to depict.

It was in the fall of 1894, and I was invited to join a party already established in Routt county, Colorado, and reported to be camped on the eastern slope of "Anita" or "Bear's Ears" Peak in the Elkhead Mountains. My personal outfit, which proved entirely satisfactory, was about as follows:

One Winchester repeater, model 1886, with Lyman sights.

Two hundred cartridges, .45-90-300, solid ball. (Too many.)

One stout jackknife. One compass.

One suit heavy woolen clothing.

One pair heavy woolen trousers, extra.

Two pairs of heavy shoes, with soft hob-nails.

Lot of heavy and medium weight flannels.

Two heavy sweaters, much more useful than an overcoat.

Heavy flannel shirts and worsted socks.

Brown slouch hat.

One pair canvas leggings.

Two pairs heavy dogskin gloves for riding.

Camp mattress, with cover and straps to roll.

Two pairs heavy blankets; one pair made into a sleeping bag.

One small feather pillow.

Cigars, matches, etc.

Bull Elk

One canvas war bag, about 2 ft. 6 in. x 4 ft. 6 in. Catch all.

One possible sack, 1 ft. x 2 ft., for small articles.

There were to be three of us in the field and we had contracted with Mr. J. W. Baxter, of Glenwood Springs, Colorado, for the general outfit needed; this consisted of about the following, and was all furnished at a fixed and very reasonable price per day:

Mr. Baxter himself as chief guide.

Wallace Baxter, guide and horse-wrangler.

Cale, cook—I do not know his last name.

These men were admirable in their respective departments and were individually a fine lot of fellows. They were as free and equal as the Declaration of Independence. Ready, able and willing to do the work they had contracted for, but not considering that they were in any way inferior to the other American citizens who formed the party of the second part (and they were exactly right), faithful, untiring, experienced, good-natured, quiet and soft-spoken, not one using liquor or tobacco, on the whole as good men as could have been found, if not better than any others. Cale is worthy of a chapter to himself. A big, burly fellow, with a great red mustache hanging over his mouth, white slouch hat on the back of his head, leather-fringed chapparejos and Mexican spurs. When he bestrode a broncho, swung a riata in his right hand,

held the reins high in his left, cowboy fashion, and sent his bucking, squealing mount over logs, brush and rocks, he looked more like a bandit than one of the peaceful profession. But how he could cook! Shall I ever forget his blacktail steaks, his elk soup, and last, but not least, his flapjacks—just the size of the long-handled frying-pan, and turned over by a toss into the air. Nothing was ever better, if so good.

But I have got away from the outfit, and must come back to business again.

Three tents, about ten by eight feet; sheet iron cook stove, four folding chairs, two camp-stools, table (this consisted of only the top and cross pieces, the legs being cut anywhere and driven into the ground until level). Pots, pans, kettles, etc., packed in stove. Knives, forks, plates, cups, etc., for six. One hundred dollars' worth of supplies, which we paid for. Pork, flour, potatoes, canned goods, jellies, spices, caviar, pickles, beef extract, etc. No whisky; you do not want it at that altitude, except for medicine. The beef extract is much better.

Twenty-four bronchos, with saddles, pack-saddles, etc. Of this lot of horses six were constantly in use under saddle, fourteen carried packs and four were extra horses. No feed is carried. At night the horses are simply unpacked or unsaddled and turned loose to find their own food and rest. One of them carries a bell, and

the bunch can generally be trusted to stay pretty close together and not to stray very far away. This trust, in the latter particular, is not always deserved, and then the guides have a big job on hand and traveling must be suspended until the drove is found and driven back into the corral. These horses are half wild and will rarely submit to be caught singly; so the first job after going into camp, when the tents have been pitched and the fire lighted, is to build an inclosure of brush, limbs, ropes and other obstacles, into which the herd may be driven when wanted.

The pack horses when traveling carry about one hundred and fifty pounds each, sometimes more, and string out into a long line in Indian file. At the head of the procession goes the chief guide, leading the way, with a keen eye for known landmarks and for probabilities of wood, water and grass. After him comes the pack train, each horse following in the footsteps of the one preceding and making the same turns and twists. At the rear comes the horse-wrangler, driving up the laggards and looking out for accidents, and only too apt to be surrounded by a blue and glittering cloud of strong language, which would seem censurable to a novice, but is soon realized to be the almost necessary accompaniment of the position, human and horse nature being such as they are. At varying positions in the line are the "cook and the crew of the cap-

tain's gig," helping over difficult places, galloping ahead after game or delayed in its pursuit, but never very far from the main body. The train goes at a walk, and makes no detours for hills or valleys, but crosses everything as it comes. It will travel about twenty-five miles a day over rough and trackless country, and do but little more on a road, if it ever gets to one, which it does not often do, for there are no roads in this country except along certain main lines of communication and very far apart. It is an absolutely wild region, in which the only paths are those made by the game in their journeyings for centuries. So over every divide and along every stream and valley you generally see a well-trodden and distinct path, often beaten down some inches below the surface of the ground, and this follows the easiest course there is to be found. Perhaps there is no easy course at all, but the trail can be depended upon to take the best there is to be had.

But this has been a tremendously long preface, and I fear the personal adventures will be a small tail to so big a kite; still perhaps the preface may be useful while the main work will be neither useful nor ornamental; in any event let me come back to my story.

From Colorado Springs we, my brother Wolcott and myself, took the evening train west on the Denver & Rio Grande, and early next morning landed at Wolcott, in the canyon of the Eagle River and on the west-

ern side of the Continental Divide. Having some hours to wait for the stage, we got out our fly-rods and succeeded in extracting a few trout from the beautiful river; these I dressed and the obliging landlady cooked them for our dinner. This was my first introduction to the black-spotted Rocky Mountain trout (*Salmo purpuratus,* Goode), and he is a fine fellow and worth knowing. Quite different in his habits from the *fontinalis,* at least in my small experience, both in the parts of the stream he is found in and the character of his rise to the fly; but a dashing and vigorous fighter and very good on the table. We got nothing of any size here, but afterward, in the canyon of the Yampa below Steamboat Springs, took plenty of them up to two pounds in weight, and were sure that longer effort than we could give would have developed mighty ones from the magnificent pools of that glorious trout stream.

At noon we climbed into the stage which was to take us to Steamboat Springs, about eighty miles due north, and to consume a day and a half in doing it. The vehicle was what is called a mud wagon—seats for six, a cotton top, the bottom filled with mail bags and our own traps until places for feet were hard to find, and harnessed to two bronchos. Following a small creek valley we slowly climbed for hours until the divide between the Eagle and Grand rivers was surmounted, and then rattled down to the Grand Val-

ley at a speed and over roads which seemed to me anything but safe. Realizing my greenness I had self-control enough to hang on and keep my mouth shut, while the driver whirled us down the grade and around curves with a clear drop of a hundred feet (and it looked like a thousand) on the outer side of the road and within a few inches of the wheels. I am pretty sure that fellow knew he had a tenderfoot on board, and wanted to extract an appeal for more care; if so, he did not do it, mainly because I realized that we must all go together, if anybody went, and that he was probably no more anxious to be smashed than I was. We crossed the Grand River at the end of this trying grade, and then followed its course downward for several miles, over a succession of ups and downs as we crossed little valleys at right angles to the stream, finally bringing up about six o'clock at a little hotel on a small lateral creek. I hurried to get my rod together and, walking some distance up the stream, managed to get four nice mountain trout before dark, though the last one was taken after the stars were well out. These made a capital breakfast next morning, and were a good preparation for the long and slow climb to the top of the divide between the Grand and Yampa (or Bear) river valleys. Once over this summit, we followed the Yampa from almost its first beginnings until at Steamboat Springs it makes a great bend to the west,

being then a full-grown river. We were constantly tempted along its course by glimpses of most entrancing trout holes, growing finer as the stream grew larger, but had self-control enough to resist temptation and keep on. This was a great mistake, and I here want to lay down the general principle that, when a trout fisherman finds good trout water, his highest duty is at once to fish that water. Any other course will bring only sorrow and unavailing remorse to his declining years, and, like Kipling's "Mugger of the Ghaut," he will be always haunted by visions of the joys that escaped him.

Somewhere about noon, as we were traveling through Egeria Park, came our first sight of big game, a series of black points on the sky-line of a ridge a mile or two off, which the glass showed to be a band of some dozen antelope. It was hopeless to get near them in that commanding situation, so we did not try it. The country along our entire journey was decidedly arid, having few trees except close to the stream, the low hills being boulder-strewn and as little cultivable as an ash pit, but the river was beautiful, the odd buttes of trap rock were striking, and now and then we caught a view of rugged and distant mountains to the westward, which were grand. The air was glorious, the sunshine superb, and the little bronchos behaved pretty well for bronchos, so the day's ride was a pleasure.

Bull Elk—1

Steamboat Springs, which we reached about six o'clock, lies just west of the main divide of the Rockies, and we could see the trail along and over the mountains to the eastward by which North Park is reached. We were too tired to try the famous hot baths of natural spring water, and a rather poor supper and very hard beds were most welcome. A very large and fine elk head hung in the hotel office, but the horns did not look just right in color and, after some inquiry, I found that they had been picked up in the woods, stained to about the proper color, and fitted to the scalp of a cow elk. I was told that preparing heads for sale in this manner was a regular and profitable business, especially since elk with fine heads were so much more rarely shot of late years.

At Steamboat Springs Baxter met us, bringing saddle horses for ourselves and a couple of pack horses for the luggage, and we started at six o'clock the next morning on our forty-mile ride to camp. That ride is one of the most pleasant and one of the most painful of my memories. Until toward noon we occasionally followed what might by extreme courtesy be called a road, and might in places be traveled by wheeled vehicles without great danger; then we took to the woods, to game trails, to fallen timber, to precipitous hillsides covered with boulders, logs and brush, and to all sorts of places which, to my ignorance, were absolutely im-

passable to horses. Riding, as I had understood it, was out of the question, the only things to do were to let your reins loose, hang to the high pommel, balance as well as possible and pray. All these I did as well as several other things, but no ground seemed to make any difference to our bronchos. They climbed, jumped and slid with perfect success and apparent unconcern, doing as many impossible things and as easily as a trick bicycle rider. All this could not be done without fatigue to the rider, especially if, as in my own case, he had not touched a saddle for two years, and about the middle of the afternoon I was ready to sit down,—no, I had had sitting enough and to spare—to lie down and rest. But there was no hotel in that wilderness, the only supper and bed to be had were at the camp, and I had to bear it, though past grinning. Now the region was really mountainous, the higher ridges clothed with timber and the stream valleys luxuriantly green, even the lower ridges were covered with scrub oak and we frequently saw deer. About four we came out into California Park, an open, sagebrush-covered oval, about ten miles by five, through which the Elkhead Creek flows. Here antelope were abundant, and we must have seen a hundred while crossing the park. On its northerly side we came to a wall of timber, abruptly bordering the desert plain, and beyond it could see the double summit of the peak to which we were bound.

I have not any very definite recollection of that last six miles through the trees. They were rough, tangled and tedious, and I was too tired to talk or think. When at last the welcome tents showed white through the trees and the journey was over I was almost too tired to know that rest was possible. If any man thinks me a weakling, let him try thirteen hours in the saddle and forty miles over mountains and then send me his revised opinion.

Camp Buckhorn, as we named it, was pitched on the edge of a glade about two hundred yards in diameter and of irregular shape, traversed by a tiny mountain brook and surrounded by magnificent red spruces, some of them three feet through and over one hundred feet high. To the west the ground rose on a rapid slope for a mile or so, from which there soared the twin summits of "Bear's Ears," a precipitous mass of purple brown trap, with only a few cedars clinging to its crevices. The peak is supposed to be ten thousand five hundred feet in altitude, and our camp was somewhere near a thousand feet below the top. All around the peak was forest, regions of spruce alternating with the more open aspen trees, and all permeated by a maze of open glades, or "parks," of all sizes and shapes, and connected more or less. The air, rarefied by our near approach to heaven and perfumed with the fragrance of evergreens, was a constant cocktail; and the sun,

through that clear atmosphere, had a radiant glory which made one want to shout and sing. I found no disagreeable symptoms result from the great altitude, except that one couldn't stop breathing, say to whistle a bar, without having to gasp a little to catch up with his supply of oxygen. The stimulating air made one feel equal to any exertion, but experience showed that uphill work must be taken slowly to avoid extreme, though temporary, exhaustion.

A good supper and the heavy and dreamless sleep of fatigue made another man of me next morning. Baxter himself was assigned to take charge of the tenderfoot and insure him a shot. There was an inch or so of snow on the ground when we started, though it did not lie there long. Following the stream downward for half a mile, we turned to the west, climbing the mountain through a succession of beautiful little parks. Not a mile from the camp we came on the first game, a blacktail doe and fawn cropping the grass at the edge of a little glade. The breeze blew from them to us, for one must hunt up wind, and we stood for two or three minutes and watched the pretty things at not over fifty yards off, and the clearness of the air made them seem much nearer. I do not shoot does myself, and even a less scrupulous hunter would have found it hard to pull trigger at that family party; so, after having gazed our fill, we started them with a shout, not a shot, and

they bounded off none the worse for us. We kept on into a heavy spruce forest, and I lost all sense of direction, and followed blindly in the guide's footprints. Soon he began to seem interested, but said nothing, which was one of his habits, till he beckoned me up, pointed to the left and said, "There's an elk. Shoot it." I could not make out anything that looked like an animal in that chaos of tree trunks and fallen logs, all gray and brown, but strained my eyes in the indicated direction and finally made out that a grayish-brown ridge, just showing over a fallen tree, was the back of a cow elk, and that a dark knot just beyond was an eye turned full on us. The rifle went to my shoulder; I took one step to the left for a clearer view; the ridge and knot vanished; there was a tremendous crash in the timber, and I had missed my first chance. How I did mentally kick myself all the way back, for we saw no more elk, nothing but blacktail does and fawns, and that day's hunt was a failure. It was some consolation, however, to find that the others had done no better.

The next day the guides took care of the other two hunters, and I only tramped round near the camp, trying to catch some trout out of the little stream, which falls below prevented, as I afterward discovered. Within half a mile of home I saw a dozen or more deer, all does and fawns, for the bucks were lower down, as we found later. The day after was one of

Young Bull Moose—2

great experience. Baxter and I traveled over nearly our former course and struck the trail of quite a band of elk. I was sent off to one side, leaving my horse with the guide, while he followed the trail. Presently came the crash among the trees, and a whole band of elk passed me at about a hundred yards off, giving no chance for a fair shot. I determined not to let them go without an effort, and started to follow the trail, which was very distinct, and led me down the mountain for a mile or so through dense forest. This ended at a little brook at the foot of the slope, bordered by a wide park, at the other side of which I made out a solitary cow elk. There was no cover for a stalk, and I had to try the shot, though the distance was fully six hundred yards, and I made a clean miss. Now, with all the confidence of a greenhorn, I determined not to again climb the mountain, but to follow the little stream until it intersected that on which our camp was located, as I knew it must, and then follow the latter home. This was well planned, but I did not know that the two streams ran nearly parallel, divided by a ridge, and came together five or six miles below the camp; so I started down the valley. It was a delightful walk through a succession of parks, but began after an hour or so to seem pretty long, and I anxiously looked out for the home stream. Suddenly, from among some fallen timber to the left and above my trail, there sprang

to his feet a splendid buck aroused from his day sleep, and stood looking straight at me. In an instant the rifle was swung into position, and at the shot the buck simply let go everything and dropped in his tracks. It did not take long to cover the eighty yards of hill that lay between us, and I found him stone dead, with the bullet mark just between his eyes. It took some time to bleed him and tie a white handkerchief in a conspicuous place to find him by, and, when I had got started again and finally found the stream sought for, daylight had nearly gone and a strange country was all around me. It was evident that to get to camp in the dark was practically impossible, so reconciling myself to the inevitable I picked out a knoll where there was a supply of fallen aspen timber and prepared for a solitary camp. The first requisite was a fire, and I found only two matches in my box. These must be made to do the work. So I got together a lot of deadwood, carefully cut shavings and arranged the pile, lighted the first match with the greatest care, and made a success at the first try.

Soon there was a fine crackling fire, and it was good company as I perched on a pile of brush and began to figure things out. Here we were a long way from camp, but on the right stream, and able to get home when daylight came again. Good. There was no supper, but a couple of cigars were still on hand and

the buck would make a good breakfast, after which I was sure camp could be reached all right. Good again. There was abundance of fuel, and a big pile was soon gathered, a lot of bushes cut and piled for a bed and into a mound to keep off the wind, and I settled down for the night. The sun went down and the stars came out, and there is no denying that it was lonesome, and that there seemed to be a great deal of space all around me. One could not help thinking that his proper place was in civilization, and what a fool he had been to travel two thousand miles just to get lost in the Rockies; but the thing was done, there was no help for it, and one must just make the best of it. The hours crawled along, and the fire made me drowsy, so that somewhere about eleven o'clock I was at least three-quarters, possibly entirely, asleep. A little distance up hill from me ran a deep-trodden game trail, and suddenly I was started broad awake by a loud "Woof" from that direction. Nothing could be distinctly made out, but a big black mass a few yards away gave another "Woof" and then made off into the shadows. Did I investigate him? Not much! I hugged my rifle and my fire, and was only too glad to give him the rest of the State, and thankful that the grizzly did not need me also.

It was only a little while after this that I heard a rifle shot far up the valley and answered it; before long

there was another and it was again answered, but when the third came, now not more than a mile away, my hammer clicked idly for the cartridges were out. This was the lonesomest thing of all, but it was not long before my friends got within shouting distance, and Baxter and Percy arrived with horses and took me back to camp, which we reached somewhere about two in the morning.

It might only be tedious to describe the succeeding days, though they were far from tedious to us, being most delightful and successful, both with deer and antelope, though we were soon met with the difficulty that we had all the venison we could use and that killing any more meant useless slaughter. So, though the deer fairly forced themselves on our notice, we stopped killing them and devoted ourselves to the greater and rarer game. We were not lucky in striking elk for several days. Finally Wallace, Wolcott and I had climbed the mountain and were circling the peak when we heard a bull whistle below us and not far away. Instantly we were off our horses, let the reins trail on the ground and started on foot toward the sound, finally coming to the edge of a little park, when I heard Wallace give a sudden low call. Just in front of me was an opening like a port-hole through the last trees, and through this I suddenly saw, standing still in the middle of the glade, and under the full light of the sun,

the most magnificent thing I had ever beheld. Imagine an animal with all the grace and beauty of a deer, and five or six times as big. He had heard a strange noise and was standing at attention, every muscle tense, and his head lifted until his splendid antlers seemed, allowing for excitement, to touch the sky. I did not stop long to admire, and my rifle boomed the instant the white bead showed against his shoulder. The smoke hung in the foliage so as to conceal everything in front, and I heard a second shot as I dashed through it. There was the elk in full run straight away from us, with our dog Queen close at his heels; but before I could shoot again there was another shot close beside me, and the great bull came down on his haunches, the ball having struck the spine and paralyzed the hindquarters. The dog leaped at his throat, and he struck at her with his forefeet and antlers. I do not know exactly how we got there, but just as we arrived the splendid head went down and the grand animal was dead, my first shot having struck just back of the shoulder and gone clear through both lungs. That was a great moment; and, by the way, the very best seat in the world is the flank of a bull elk which you have just killed yourself, and the first one is much better than the second.

I have already told of the much larger head which fortune sent to me at the very end of our vacation, and

will not try to give further details of our experiences, though I might go on indefinitely with tales of our later doings. How we chased the antelope over the plain, which is rather barren amusement; how I stalked a big buck, and he saw me through a hill and a grove of aspens, spoke contemptuously of me in antelope language, and cut his stick. How some bear hunters camped below us without advertising their presence, turned their yellow burros into the timber, and I took one for an elk, shot it, and had to pay for it. How the bronchos bucked when we came to break camp and of the means taken to subdue them. How we went down into canyons so steep that the horses had to sit down and slide, and how we climbed out again. How we fished the Yampa at Steamboat and got back to civilization. But all these details I spare the unfortunate reader, only urging him to go and try it all for himself.

My Best Catch

IT IS now more than twenty years since the first trout rose to my fly, and I am indebted to *fontinalis* and his family for more unmixed joy than I can credit to almost any other one source. He has given me many a delightful day, many a pleasant remembrance, and has fully earned my heartfelt affection. But the pleasantest recollections are not of the days when trout would rise to every cast and at any fly, and one must stop fishing from sheer shame at such slaughter, but rather of the times when it took many casts and much care to stir a fish, when finally one would rise short and settle back, when one must go further down stream or sit behind the bushes, waiting for him to forget his fright, and, finally, when the carefully planted fly would bring him up in earnest, when the tip would quiver in response to the quick strike, and the final reward would be earned only by much patience and care.

John Stuart Mill, if I remember my college course aright, said that the true value of anything depended upon two elements, viz.: "Value in use and difficulty of attainment." Good as the trout is on the table, his greatest charm to me is his shyness, uncertainty and caprici-

ousness. If one could at any time catch all the trout he wanted, if the few days of glorious success were not separated by many of hard work and small results, would any of us care much for trout fishing? I think not.

But now I have to tell of an ideal day and an ideal catch—one of those red-letter days which are the hope of youth and the happy recollection of age. Such comes but rarely, and fortunately so, for its frequent repetition would deprive the sport of its chief charm. This day, which in results far surpassed all my feeble efforts in the past and which, I sadly admit, will probably far exceed any that I can reasonably hope for in the future, brought far the best catch of trout I have ever made, far the best I have ever seen, and one that, with all due modesty, I offer as the champion score made in reasonably civilized waters, under similar conditions, within the last few years, and within equal time. If anyone has done better within these limitations I congratulate him most heartily, and only hope that he may be moved to publish his experience and let me read the story.

Toward the end of August the big trout gather together from the waters of Munising Bay and the adjacent parts of Lake Superior, and assemble near the mouth of the Anna River, probably for the purpose of spawning in the stream. They are in large numbers

Bull Moose—3

and of large average size, but are the most freaky, uncertain and capricious fish that it has been my lot to see. One who fishes for them must make up his mind to unlimited patience, and to regular and unremitting attendance, for he may be perfectly certain that, if he abandon the effort for a single day, perhaps even a single hour, those abominable trout will select that particular time for gratifying their appetites, and will then be ready for another long spell of fasting and reject his best and most skillfully presented lures.

During three years I spent my vacations at Munising, and most of the time in tempting these particular trout. Many good catches I have had, with many more days when the most diligent effort brought little or no success. This year also brought me to those waters and several days were spent in the same way, with barely tolerable results. My companions had become openly doubtful and disgusted, and I myself had begun to fear that the rapid growth of the new City of Munising had driven the trout from their usual haunts, at least to a great extent.

August twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth were days of bright sun, a strong northerly wind, and very poor fishing. Our party had arranged to spend Thursday in an excursion down the new railroad, proposing to fish a certain alleged lake somewhere on the line, of which no one seemed to know very much. I was to go with

them, so, early on the morning of August twenty-sixth, put my second best rod into the boat, left my landing net at home, and rowed my wife and boy three miles to the city, where our party assembled. The wind had changed over night and was now a fresh breeze from the south, and the day was cloudy and threatening. All the way down I mentally discussed the advisability of abandoning a place where I was sure there was fish, to go wandering after strange lakes that nobody knew anything about, and finally told the party that they could go without me, and I would try the Anna again. I was derided and hooted at, but stuck to my resolution, and just at eight o'clock, solitary and alone, dropped anchor and let the boat drift toward my favorite spot.

During previous days the trout seemed to greatly favor the dark Montreal fly, so I had two of these flies on my six-foot leader, backed by forty yards of No. F luster-finish silk line, and a seven-ounce split-bamboo rod—not my best one, but a nicely finished cheap rod with a good action. I anchored in shallow water quite near shore, and the ground within reach was tried thoroughly without result. Then twenty feet of anchor line were paid out, and the same process and results repeated. Twenty feet more brought my boat within fifty feet of two patches of weeds, with a channel between, and about six feet of water around them. The flies dropped just at the edge of the channel and were

drawn a foot or two, when there was a mighty rush and splash, a flash of gold, crimson and silver, a quick jerk of the right hand, the indescribable jar that tells of a well-set hook, and the rod was bending double under the rush of a splendid trout. The reel screamed to his first wild efforts for liberty, but rod and hand were working together in harmony, and the runs soon became shorter, the pressure less, then there were short dashes under the boat and away which were easily checked, and finally the great trout lay on his side completely exhausted. He was slowly brought alongside, the hook seen to be well fixed, the leader carefully grasped in the left hand, and a quick lift brought him into the boat—over two and a half pounds, and a beautiful and perfect specimen.

The line was again lengthened, and the flies dropped near the old spot. Another rush and strike instantly followed, and ten minutes of hard work produced the twin brother of the first one. He was duly landed and admired, another cast was made and another huge fellow hooked, and so for nearly two hours big fish rose at practically every cast, were hooked, played and landed. Every trout took the fly with a rush, was well and deeply hooked, and not a fish was lost, nor a rise missed.

A little before ten o'clock I was just about to recover my line for another cast, and the rod was well

back over my shoulder, when the biggest fish of the day rose with a tremendous surge. Instinctively my hand went back and the strike told, but the poor rod gave a startling crack. The fish fought splendidly, but was played and landed without great difficulty, and a careful examination of the rod disclosed no break, but I knew that something was very wrong. This, however, was the last really big fish taken, and the rod still struck, played and landed a number of smaller fish, but just at eleven a half-pound fish rose awkwardly, and at the strike my second joint snapped short close to the ferrule of the butt. By this time I was pretty well exhausted and not sorry for good reason to rest, so pulled in the half-pounder "endways" with the line, landed, and started for a rod repairer and something to eat. It was well into the afternoon before the damage was repaired and fishing resumed, and then the rise was over, and I took only a half dozen or so small fish.

Just as I was about to give up three boats appeared around the end of the pier, rowing frantically toward me, which proved to contain the rest of my party. They had found no fish and come home in disgust, had seen my catch at the boat house, where they were left, and were wildly eager for a share of my luck. Then the laugh was on my side, and it seemed my duty to make it real pleasant for them.

I selected out and gave away nine of the little fish

and took home the rest of the catch, weighing, measuring and photographing them after they had been several hours out of the water, and the total left then proved to be as follows: One fish, weight three and a quarter pounds; three fish, two and three-quarter pounds each; one fish, two and a quarter pounds; one fish, two pounds; two fish, one and a half pounds each; two fish, one pound each; two fish, three-quarters of a pound each; ten fish, averaging one-half pound each. Total, twenty-two fish, weighing twenty-five pounds. It may be interesting to know that only two of these trout took the tail fly, while twenty-nine took the dropper, though the two flies were exactly similar.

Now, looking back on this eventful day I almost regret it. Never can I reasonably hope to do so well again, and all my future laurels will be blighted under the shadow of the past and greater triumph. Yet I would not repeat the day if I could. Such things should not be made too common, and in fact my success was too easy and too great. Fortune poured me out her sweets until I was cloyed with them, and I fear the edge of my appetite is permanently blunted. Alas! that man should be so made that only pursuit gives pleasure and attainment brings satiety.

Surgery And Medicine

A VILLANELLE.

By a Patient.

TO CURE my undetermined ills
Successive doctors emulate.
They do not fail to send their bills.

As every new incumbent wills
They diet, drug and operate,
To cure my undetermined ills.

They come, and hope my bosom thrills;
They go, and I am desolate;
They do not fail to send their bills.

Diet and dosing, purges, pills,
All fail, at their respective date,
To cure my undetermined ills.

The druggist each prescription fills
And charges an excessive rate.
They do not fail to send their bills.

Nurses attend, in caps and frills,
At wages more than adequate,
To cure my undetermined ills.

Experts, renowned for various skills,
The task abandon soon or late,
They do not fail to send their bills.

And, by the cemetery hills,
The sad-faced undertakers wait
To cure my undetermined ills,
They will not fail to send their bills.

November, 1898.

An Ohio Trout Stream

THE State of Ohio is thriving, prosperous, a good place for work and not bad for amusement; but its warm summers, gently flowing streams, alluvial soil and generally flat surface are not congenial to the speckled trout, and I think none are naturally numbered among its inhabitants. In the north and west, however, there is a limestone region, with the subterranean streams and great cold springs characteristic of such a geological formation, and here it has been found possible to colonize and maintain that darling of all good fishermen. Near the village of Castalia there rises a gently rounded knoll of moderate height, down the side of which hurries a brook of considerable volume. On climbing the slope one finds the summit occupied by a crater, plunging to great depth in the centre, and filled to the brim with blue pellucid water which overflows through a break in the rim. This "blue hole," as it is called, is a great limestone spring, fed by never-failing underground channels and furnishing a copious and regular supply of water at the nearly uniform temperature of fifty degrees, summer and winter alike. After a rapid flow of about five miles the stream bustles into Lake Erie near Venice

Station, and its briskness and brevity do not admit of great change in its temperature from source to mouth at any season, so that it is admirably adapted for a home for trout, being, I think, about the only stream in Ohio suitable for *fontinalis*. The whole stream is owned by two clubs, has been fully stocked and carefully preserved, and fairly swarms with trout, chiefly *fontinalis,* though a few *fario* and *irideus* were introduced a number of years ago. These two latter quickly grow to great size, and then never take the fly, devour hecatombs of their smaller kindred and are an unmitigated pest, which the most vigorous efforts fail to entirely remove. A brown trout was lately taken out of this stream, that weighed thirteen pounds and contained seven *fontinalis* up to eleven inches long, and doubtless many such sharks are still watching and preying there. Where waters are already occupied by our own delightful trout, introduction of the less attractive varieties can do no possible good, in fact is practically certain to do much harm, so they should only be placed in streams too warm and sluggish to suit *fontinalis,* being often well adapted to such environments.

The brook has a steady and brisk current and the water is surprisingly clear, although the whole course is through rich, alluvial soil, nearly all under cultivation. Its bed is scooped into hollows and ridges and a thick moss, the home of countless crustacea, covers

Castalia Brook—1

every prominence and gives the fish a rich feeding ground. Under overhanging masses of moss, or beneath artificial shelters of plank, big trout lie in wait for wandering minnow or drifting fly. The novice is enraptured at first sight of the stream, with its entrancing ripples and pools, abundance of hiding holes, and the dark forms that flash from cover to cover, and is prone to think that a promenade along the edge and a little easy swinging of his rod will quickly fill his basket. After tramping a mile or two, whipping industriously without a single rise, though the surface is furrowed far in advance by darting fish, he begins to learn that these trout are educated and not to be taken except by the use of the greatest skill and care. If then he goes well away from the edge, walks down to an undisturbed spot, creeps toward the bank, keeping entirely out of sight of the water, stops twenty feet from it, swings off forty feet of line in the air and drops his flies on the barely visible surface, he will find the problem solved, for in this and in no other way can Castalia trout be taken. One must apply the English rule of "fine and far off" and couple it with the further maxim, "keep out of sight." This latter rule is of vital importance on all waters that are much fished and it seems to me that sufficient stress has not been laid upon it in most works on angling. Of course in wide waters a long cast is all that is necessary; but in small

Castalia Brook—2

streams, whipped by many rods, success can only be obtained by accurate and delicate casting, joined to much such precautions in approach as one would use in stalking big game. It is also very important that the first cast in a new spot be delivered with delicacy and in the right place, so that a big and cautious trout may not be put on his guard by any preliminary disturbance; and this seems nearly as important as accuracy and care in the first shot at big game. I remember once in a very wild country to have had a good trout rise boldly to seven successive casts, miss the flies every time and be hooked on the eighth; but usually there is a bold first rise, a half-hearted second one, possibly a boil of the waters at the third cast, and then blankness and desolation. If one will go away and sit down for a few minutes, then creep cautiously back and very carefully drop the flies in the old spot, he is more than likely to have another handsome rise and hook the fish, provided, of course, it has not been scared enough to run clear away.

Through the hospitality of some members I have been several times permitted to enjoy the privileges of these waters and have had most delightful sport after the necessary methods had been learned through sad experience, finding, as one always does, that prizes are valuable in the exact ratio of the effort needed to obtain them, and that one of the wily and experienced

nobles of this stream was a more valued trophy than many of the bold and careless denizens of wilderness waters, where appetite and inexperience bring trout to any lure, no matter how unskilfully offered, there is no difficulty in hooking fish, and the only effort required is to properly play them.

Castalia fish are not usually early risers, at least they will not often take the fly until the sun has been up for some time. In summer diligent fishing for hours before breakfast will very rarely result in a decent catch, while at eight or nine o'clock every trout will be ready for business. Until hot weather comes, the middle of the day is the most favorable time, and in March and April very few will be taken except on bright days and during the warmest hours. My last visit was made toward the end of March, and the trout were then very sluggish, never rising clear of the water, and showing little energy when hooked. The fish were evidently feeding on small crustacea and mollusks found in the moss, and my best success was at a point where there was a wide expanse of this growth covered by water not more than six inches deep. Sharp furrows of the surface betrayed the presence of good-sized fish, so I went well back from the water, sat down and smoked a cigarette while the pool quieted, and then wormed my cautious way to twenty feet from the edge, lay flat so as just to glimpse the water through the

grass stubble, gathered forty feet of line in the air, and dropped the cast well out. A wake like that of a steamboat rushed toward the flies and as it reached them the rod went back sharply, the line tightened and the hook set, and after a little gentle play I was surprised to find two trout fast, each fourteen inches long, but in such poor condition that they weighed only a little over twelve ounces each, while trout of that length in fine condition should weigh nearly a pound and a quarter, which these would doubtless have done a month later. On the table the flesh of these trout proved soft, purplish pink and very deficient in flavor, and I have concluded that fishing so early in the season is hardly worth while.

Both the clubs maintain large hatcheries, and are constantly adding to the stock of small fry in the brook; doubtless most of these find their way down the devouring maws of their larger relatives but the supply in the stream is kept up to a high point. Artificial plank shelters, each about ten feet square, are fixed here and there for the convenience of the trout, and frequent foot bridges greatly promote that of the fishermen. The two clubs in the past have had disagreements as to their respective water rights and how far each could use its own property without injuring the other, which culminated in a law suit that finally reached the Supreme Court, ending as usual in a deci-

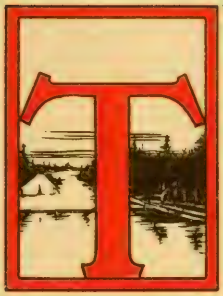
Castalia Brook—3

sion giving each party a part of what it claimed; but this is ancient history, and now the clubs live together in harmony, there being abundance of fish and sport for all. The upper club owns the big spring and about a mile of the stream, but has dredged a long channel, curving back and forth on itself, so as to make several miles more of artificial water, in all of which fish swarm. The membership of this society is large, so that there are apt to be several rods at work on every day all through the season; the foolish and reckless minority of the trout are soon caught, and the majority become educated to an amazing extent, so that by the first of July it is nearly impossible to get any to rise during the day. Some are then caught by a large fly, with a split shot on the leader, run down the swift water, but much of the fishing is done at night, when good catches are often made. There is a certain weirdness about fly fishing in the dark, casting by faith, striking by sound, and keeping out of the brook if you are lucky, which is novel and interesting at first, but this seemed to quickly pall after I had twice or thrice untangled a snarled leader by the light of a pocket lamp.

The lower club has, I think, but twenty-five members and owns several miles of stream, so the fishing is much less continuous and the trout do not reach such a painful degree of knowledge and caution; still they are by no means inexperienced, and one can only make a

decent catch by using great caution and patience and considerable skill. The members of both organizations are very hospitable and generous, and give many a pleasant day to those not fortunate enough to be stockholders.

On The Manistee



WO HUNDRED miles northwest of Detroit, about half way between Lakes Huron and Michigan, and almost exactly on the watershed between them, the town of Grayling stands, on light, sandy soil of no value for agriculture, and surrounded by miles of stumps, all that the axe and saw have left of once splendid forests of white pine. Through the town itself flow the headwaters of the Ausable, "the river of the sands," on their way to Lake Huron; and a few miles to the west and north the Manistee begins its course to Lake Michigan. At one point the rivers are scarcely more than a mile apart, being separated only by a low, sandy ridge. These streams, like nearly all in that vicinity, are the original home of the Michigan grayling, and a few survivors of that beautiful species still linger there, though logs have torn through their spawning beds, and intruding *fontinalis,* having worked their own way in from other waters, and *irideus,* unwisely introduced by man into the Ausable, have harried and persecuted their more timid and delicate predecessors. My guides say that today the eastward river

contains few grayling, many speckled trout, and great numbers of rainbows, which monopolize the best water to the exclusion of their more delicate and attractive associates. Big, coarse, fighting with fury when hooked but almost worthless when on the table, they take the place and the food of their betters, to the disgust of all right-minded anglers. They are a little better than pickerel, but not much. This is hearsay evidence, but I have no doubt it is true.

The westward stream, more fortunate, contains no rainbows, and a good many grayling, though the speckled trout predominate. Visiting it in August, 1901, we took trout and grayling in about equal numbers and size, often alternately from the same pool or riffle. Going there in June, 1902, and fishing the upper waters only, four of us took in four days one hundred and fifty good-sized trout, and not a single grayling. I fancy that the spawning beds are lower down the river, and that *thymallus* had not yet ascended after their spring nuptials to the part of the stream where we were camped.

The Manistee has a steady and moderately rapid current, flowing over clean white sand; no rapids, but an alternation of pools and shallows. The best trouting was on its course through a large tract of cedar swamp, where the trees had all been killed by fire or flood, and lined the water's edges with a mass of

About Ready To Come

fallen trunks and tops. Among these the flies must be deftly placed, using a rather long line; and a hooked fish must be hauled away from danger, if possible, before he finds out what the trouble is, and begins to run. When he will not come, as is not infrequently the case, things happen, and happen fast. More than once I stopped a pound fish, in his first mad rush toward a submerged cedar top, by sheer strength of rod, line and leader, and more than once I did not; but the six-ounce rod, and the little No. 10 fluttering flies did good work all through, and not a fish was lost by failure of tackle.

One must camp to fish either river to good advantage, and guides and camp outfits can be had in Grayling, though arrangements should be made well in advance.

On these rivers the fish, when boated, are put into a box under the angler's seat, which communicates freely with the river. Those not needed for immediate use are kept alive in a fish crate of slats, so that they are in perfect condition to take home; that is, if one be a resident of Michigan. The law prohibits the taking of fish or game out of the State.

In a recent, handsomely bound and elaborately illustrated book, entitled "The Speckled Trout," the writer tells of an alleged actual experience. The sharp strike is followed by a furious rush down stream, the

Trout and Grayling

reel shrieks fiercely, the fisherman's heart leaps with joy and fear, and the long and fierce struggle finally ends in the landing of a twelve-inch monster. Now this is fiction pure and simple. A plump twelve-inch *fontinalis* will weigh three-quarters of a pound, and no such fish ever drew line from a reel unless the fisherman wilfully let him do it, or was too clumsy or ignorant to prevent it. We are all prone to exaggerate the vigor of our finny prizes, partly from the weakness of human nature and partly from the powerful leverage given to the fish by the length of the rod. A little pulling against a spring balance will teach us a good deal on this point and bring our notions down toward accuracy; but such exaggerated fine writing as that of which the substance precedes this paragraph cannot be too severely censured. The spring of a properly handled rod will conquer any pound trout, and often one much exceeding that weight, without an inch of line being yielded from the reel. Any increase in the length of line between fisherman and fish is materially to the advantage of the latter, adding greatly to his chance of escape. No more line should be given than is absolutely necessary, and the trout should be reeled up as fast as may safely be to within twenty or thirty feet, when he can be allowed to exhaust himself with the minimum risk of loss.

Trout are by no means always found in swift

water. A deep still pool under the bank, shadowed by overhanging trees and spiked with snags and brush, is a favorite resort for the big fat fellows that you want most. Never mind if your first cast produces only a chub. The big trout often lie in the same water and will be stirred to action if you keep the flies playing. In August seek a deep still log-dotted corner, where a draw on shore shows the probability of an underwater cold spring, put your flies over it in the early morning or toward sunset and you are more than likely to take big fish after big fish. From such a hole on the Manistee I have caught trout and grayling in about equal numbers, and the biggest taken on the whole trip.

Various Notions

OME years ago a lengthy discussion was carried on in *Outing* as to whether trout "leaped on a slack line." The question did not seem happily stated, but was explained to ask whether trout, in the struggle to escape, would jump straight out of the water, when not drawn to the surface by the pull of the rod. Although such an action is not common I have repeatedly seen it occur, the fish going straight up like a bass and turning over and over in the fall, and this has happened with special frequency among the large and lusty trout of Lake Superior and Northern Canada. Black bass almost always leap repeatedly, but now and then one will come to the net without breaking the water at all. According to my experience trout occasionally leap and bass occasionally do not.

I recently saw an article in which the writer, evidently an experienced and skilled fisherman, laid down the general law that multiplying reels were inadmissible in fly fishing. It would have been interesting to know his reasons for such a positive statement but unfortunately they were not given. The use of the reel after a fish is hooked is of course to prevent his getting

slack line and, other things being equal, the reel which will handle line most rapidly would seem to be preferable. That the multiplier excels the plain winch in this respect does not need any proof, and in all other respects I have found it greatly superior. The modern rubber and brass, steel pivot, multiplying reel is light, strong and handy, and to my thinking the ideal equipment for a trout rod. I have used nothing else for many years, except when trying somebody else's outfit, and then came back to my own swift working reel with the greatest relief and comfort. A modern large multiplier, such as is always used for tarpon, tuna and the other great oceanic fish, might be found preferable to the single action for salmon fishing also, if the conservatism of salmon fishermen would allow them to give it a fair trial.

Springy rod and yielding reel are meant to cooperate with the hand and arm of the fisherman in keeping the connection between man and fish constantly taut, under such strain as the tackle can easily endure. When the terrified quarry dashes away the elastic tip prevents any sudden shock and, should the rush be violent enough to break gut or tear out hook, the released reel lets him go, under a constant strain, until his fury and fear are somewhat abated. No fish will continue to run indefinitely against a steady pull. He gets a little tired, stops to think it out with his poor ichthyologi-

Peto

cal brain, the reel begins to recover line and he is half way back before the idea gets through his head. Each rush is shorter than the preceding until the big fellow is brought, exhausted and helpless, to gaff or net by a line that he could snap instantly if rigidly held. With all fish the rule is the same. Keep your line taut, yield when you must and no more than you can help, and recover line as often and as rapidly as you can. The fish really plays and exhausts himself and should be permitted to do so without being at any time held so hard as to risk tearing out hook or snapping gut. Sometimes of course a dash for brush or weeds makes it necessary to throw your hand back, let the rod take the full strain and stop your fish or break your tackle. The tip rattles across your fingers, there is a moment of breathless suspense, then the great trout rolls up exhausted, or, alas! there is a sharp rending crack, a butt broken at the ferrule, a leader fast in the brush, another big fish gone and an excusably emphatic angler left in the ruins.

To be successful in angling one must know the haunts and habits of the fish, what bait, natural or artificial, is likely to be attractive, must have the tackle and the skill to present the lure without causing alarm and so that it will be taken, and the art to gradually subdue the struggling prey, never using too much force and never too little. Each kind of fishing has its pe-

culiar charm and requires its peculiar knowledge and skill, but human nature is so constituted that each of us is apt to consider his specialty to stand far above the rest, and to look with a shade of contempt on those devoted to other methods and objects. The almost sanguinary conflict between the dry fly and wet fly schools of anglers is a marked case in point. The chalk streams of England are distinguished by very clear water and languid current and around them has developed the dry fly method of fishing for trout. This consists of the use of very fine tackle with a single small floating fly, searching for a rising fish, and casting the fly upstream so that it will float over his nose. These methods are admirably adapted to that water and undoubtedly far more successful there, and on other streams possessing similar characteristics, than any other mode of casting the fly. The devotees of this special sport first grew to think it the best way to take trout, and at last came to the broad generalization that their beloved method was the only proper one and to be used under all circumstances. One who uses what has come to be called in contradistinction the "wet fly" method they contemptuously describe as a "chuck and chance it" angler, and one who prefers to fish down or across stream is considered at least a heretic and almost an atheist. In our swift American trout waters the upstream cast is generally of little use, as the rapid current slacks your

line so quickly that effective striking is almost impossible, and a rise cannot be so accurately located that a fly can be floated over it with effect. To cast down or across the current is the only practical method over most of their courses, but, should still pools or gently flowing reaches be encountered, the chalk stream method will often be found most effective.

It is traditional among salmon fishermen that the tip should be lowered when a fish leaps and raised again after he strikes the water, the alleged effect being to slack the leader and so prevent the hook being torn out, or the gut broken, by the salmon's weight falling across a taut line. This principle and practice is vigorously attacked by Mr. Wells in his admirable book "The American Salmon Fisherman," in which he expresses the decided opinion, backing it by very effective argument, that, when one has out a long line in a swift current, dropping the tip at a leap cannot possibly affect the strain on the leader in time to be of any service. He goes on to say that, after very careful and extended experiments with both methods, he has found at least no more fish escape when the tension is kept up than when the tip is dropped, and that now, when a silvery salmon shoots into the atmosphere, he only looks on and admires.

If the traditional method is correct with salmon it would also seem the proper one to follow in the case of

any leaping fish; bass, trout, tarpon, tuna and all the acrobatic tribe; but I think it has never been even suggested except for salmon. As the cardinal rule for success is "keep your line taut" any course that violates this principle should be sustained by the best of theoretical argument and verified by long and careful practical tests. My own experience with salmon has been rather limited, but with them and other fish I have never dropped my tip at a leap, and certainly have not lost an undue proportion of hooked fish. In fact it is my habit, when a fish leaps near me, on a short line which can be kept clear of the water, to raise my point as he comes up and lower it as he falls, thus keeping the line always taut. With a long line out I believe it advisable to hold on steadily and trust to the spring of the rod and the hold of the hook, when a fish goes into the air. Of course the leap is a very sudden and fierce effort, gives the greatest possible strain and jerk that the fish is capable of, and is likely to break tackle or tear out the hook if anything can, but it is at least very doubtful whether dropping the tip and slackening the line will not always do more harm than good.

An eminent American, formerly President of the United States and famous for many admirable qualities, has recently published a book of fishing and shooting sketches, which must appeal to every sportsman by the good sense, apt language and true and

kindly spirit which mark it throughout. Nevertheless even Mr. Cleveland is not entirely free from prejudice in favor of his particular ways of fishing, nor is he always absolutely correct in his statements concerning other methods less familiar to himself. Apparently he has met and heard some bigoted fly fishermen, intolerant of anything but fly fishing and abusive toward the devotees of bait in any form, and the remembrance of these unwise and aggressive persons rankles a little. Hence this very reasonable and cautious writer is led to assert it to be absolutely preposterous that the fly can be effectively cast by the motion of the forearm alone, the whole upper arm to the elbow being strapped to the side. Now any experienced fly fisherman knows that this so-called feat presents no real difficulty, and has seen done, and done himself, practically the same thing. In fact it is my custom when fishing from a boat, where casts of great length are not necessary and when the wind is not high, to rest the right elbow on my knee and cast mainly with the wrist alone, thus saving considerable fatigue. This requires no particular skill and is certainly no cause for boasting, being perfectly easy to accomplish. For very long casts, or against or across a high wind, one is prone to use the whole arm, backed by a thrust of the shoulder, for the vigorous stroke which is then essential to put the flies out with a straight line; but I think we

should all do better casting by depending mainly on the sharp stroke of the wrist, using the forearm but little, the upper arm much less and the body not at all.

Rifles range from the huge four bore, taking an ounce of powder and a round ball of a quarter of a pound, able to rake an elephant from stem to stern and stop him in full charge by sheer striking power, down to the tiny twenty-two caliber, fit only for birds and small game. The comparative power of rifles of all calibers has recently been greatly increased by the perfection of high explosive smokeless powders, with the accompanying increased strength given by nickel steel barrels. Of course the all-around rifle, suitable for any game, does not exist, and the weapon must be proportioned to the animal it is to be used against. Too large a gun burdens the man with its weight and bruises him with its kick; but too small a gun tortures without killing, and may be insufficient to stop the charge of dangerous game, so that the hunter risks injury or even death. Hence one must be sure to have his weapon big and powerful enough.

The repeating rifle has been brought to a high degree of excellence in America, and its use is here practically universal. The later models, high power, smokeless powder, take down, are most admirable weapons, light, powerful, accurate, low in cost, and, even in quite moderate caliber, fully equal to any game

found in North America except possibly the grisly and polar bear. The patterns being standardized any broken or worn parts can be replaced easily, cheaply and quickly. These guns come in a great variety of bores, taking ammunition of widely varying power. My favorite is the Winchester thirty-three smokeless, which has given me admirable service against deer from the moose down. Such a gun complete with Lyman sights costs about twenty-two dollars.

English sportsmen, on the contrary, are addicted to the double express rifle, using bores and weights of powder and lead that seem to us absurdly large for most game. Mr. Kirby, in his admirable book "In Haunts of Wild Game," speaks of shooting bush buck and smaller antelope with bullets varying from five hundred and ninety grains to two and one-half ounces. Against animals of such size we of the Western Hemisphere would use a soft nose ball, not exceeding two hundred grains, and would I think show quite as good results.

Mr. Kirby, and even that king of sportsmen, Sir Samuel Baker, condemn the repeating magazine rifle in the most unqualified way, on the theoretical ground that the balance must alter as the ammunition is expended, but I have not been able to find from their books that either of them ever made a practical trial of the arm. To condemn a weapon on *a priori* grounds,

Kingfish

without any actual test, is more than likely to lead one into gross error. According to my own experience, which I feel sure is that of many thousand riflemen, this theoretical objection to the repeating rifle is absolutely imaginary.

English sporting journals rarely if ever mention American rifles, but celebrate the hand-made double express, costing from fifteen to fifty pounds sterling, for all kinds of shooting and in all calibers. Whether this is caused by pure British bullheadedness and conservatism, or is due to subsidization by local gunmakers, would be difficult to determine. Of course our repeating arms are not intended for elephant, rhinoceros, or hippopotamus, and might possibly be unequal to the gaur and African buffalo; but for any lesser game they would doubtless be quite sufficient. To use a double rifled cannon with a two-ounce projectile against antelope and deer of two or three hundred pounds would, in this country, be considered ludicrous. The lighter guns are certainly coming into use, even by the conservative English, as Mr. Selous reports excellent success against elephants with a forty-five express, using a hardened ball of about six hundred grains, in fact he practically recommends that nothing larger be carried, at least except in very special cases.

A repeating rifle renders it possible to pump half a dozen shots in the general direction of the game,

should the sportsman be sufficiently hasty and excitable, but the blame for such foolishness is not on the gun but on the man behind it. One well-aimed shot at standing game is worth a dozen fluky ones at a running mark, no matter what kind of rifle is delivering them.

All fishermen carry in their books many flies that they very rarely use; but nearly all have one or more favorite flies, which they are never without, and which are likely to go on the leader for the first trial cast. I have fished over most of the Adirondacks, in the Lake Superior country, and in Northern Ontario and Quebec, during the last twenty years, and have also had one season in Northern Colorado on the western slope of the Rockies. The black spotted trout of the latter region I found to differ sharply in its habits, and in its taste for flies, from any eastern fish I have tried; but our beloved *fontinalis* has generally shown himself a gentleman of rather uniform tastes, and, in my experience, had a strong preference for flies of certain patterns, viz:

First: The Dark Montreal, claret body, dark brown wing, mottled with black, is by far the most successful fly I have used. It seems equally good in the small sizes—8 and 10—on eastern streams and for rather small trout—and in sizes 3 and 4, with the three and four pounders of the rock fishing on the northern shores of Lake Superior. It seems good at all times of

day and all days. Nearly every tackle-maker seems to have his own fancy as to the color and shape of a "Montreal," but the lighter colored ones have never done good work for me.

Second: The Abbey. This has proved a very killing fly in the Adirondacks, both early and late in the season, using only the small sizes. The large sizes of this pattern did not seem to attract the big Superior trout at all.

Third: Red Ant. Very like the Abbey in general effect, and almost as good. I have tried this in the small sizes only.

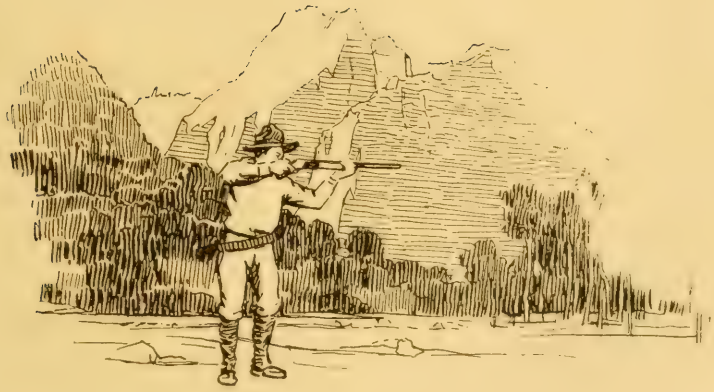
Fourth: A number of patterns, all occasionally, perhaps frequently successful, and to about the same degree. Grizzly King, Brown Hackle, Coachman, Alder, Professor and Silver Doctor.

Fifth: The Parmacheene Belle. I have had rather infrequent success with this fly, in small sizes and for casting. In trolling a large fly of this pattern I have taken many speckled and lake trout, and found it much the best fly for that method of fishing.

Sixth: I always carry some "Black Ant" and "White Miller" in medium sizes. Occasionally they have taken trout when nothing else was tempting, but I use them but rarely in eastern waters. The Black Ant was about the only fly the black spotted Colorado trout

would take, during my own experience with that fishing.

Seventh: One well known fly I have tried very many times, have only rarely taken a fish on it, and never a really good one, "The Scarlet Ibis."



Fields And Pastures New

Y FIRST trout was caught in a New Hampshire brook, over thirty years ago, and my first quail and duck were shot in Ohio several years before. Scarcely a year since has passed without my getting an outing, long or short, near or far, as circumstances permitted; and it has been my privilege and pleasure to catch trout in the Alleghenies, Adirondacks, around Lake Superior and in the Rockies, and to shoot white tail and black tail deer, elk and antelope, as well as smaller game, in these and other districts. I had, however, never shot or even seen moose or caribou and longed for new game and a new country, which were found as told hereafter.

I.—TEMAGAMI.

In northern Ontario, about half way between Toronto and the southern end of Hudson's Bay, and about two hundred miles east of Lake Superior, lies the "Temagami Forest Preserve," part of the great wilderness which extends indefinitely northward. Its only roads are Indian trails; its only houses Indian cabins and posts of the Hudson Bay Company and these are very scarce; and the few Indians and whites who permanently make their home there practically depend on

the only local staple, fur, the sable and mink skins obtained being especially dark, fine and valuable. Each Indian has his trapping range, often very extensive, and his rights are respected by others, and pass to his children by inheritance. Trespass is very rare and is a grave crime, which custom permits to be prevented or punished by any means found necessary.

Here the ancient backbone of the continent, the Laurentian mountains, has been planed by glaciers and gnawed by weather and time, until it has become rolling or hilly country, ridged and ragged with rocks, dotted with countless lakes, and covered in large part by splendid forests of white and red pine, which so far have been spared the ax. Through the tangled swamps and boggy lakes splash and stalk the magnificent moose. The black bear and lucivee roam the forests and the mink and martin are many. Ruffed grouse are numerous and ridiculously tame, and the scarcer and more solitary spruce grouse is often met with. Big black bass, pike and doré, the latter being the pike perch and locally known as pickerel, abound in the lower lakes and larger streams and, above the high falls impassable to these, the speckled trout have taken refuge and thrive and increase abundantly. Temagami itself, most beautiful of lakes, with its multitude of channels and arms extending for hundreds of miles and studded with numerous islands, abounds in lake trout

A Good Strike—Temagami

and whitefish which grow to great size. The serpent in this earthly paradise is the scourge of black flies, midges and mosquitoes, which appear about the first of June, make the summer months almost intolerable, and practically disappear by the middle of August. In the month of May the fishing is at its best and the flies have not arrived, and with September comes the shooting season and the flies are gone, so the tender-skinned Yankee had better visit the country in May or September, and avoid the months between. A few of the pests appear at the end of May and a few linger to the first days of September, so a provision of fly dope and veils is expedient.

This wilderness is reached from Lake Temiskaming either by the Montreal or Metabetchouan Rivers, the sole means of travel being canoes. The camp and personal outfit, tents, blankets, supplies for the journey and all luxuries, must be taken from civilization, though flour, meal, sugar and such supplies can generally be obtained at the Hudson Bay Company's post at Bear Island. As everything must be carried over numerous portages, some of which are a mile or more in length and quite rough, the importance of going light is manifest and at the best travel must be pretty slow. A canoe and guide should be provided for each of the party, and an extra guide with canoe to carry supplies, cook and attend to camp, leaving the "sports," as those

Bull Moose—Temagami

visiting the country for pleasure seem to be invariably called, and their personal guides, free to get away from camp in the morning or come in late at night, without the domestic economies being upset thereby.

To avoid payment of duties, supplies of all kinds should be purchased in Canada, at Toronto or Montreal as may be convenient, and furnished in sacks convenient for portaging. They can be checked as personal baggage. Michie & Company, grocers of Toronto, make a specialty of supplying tourists and have given me complete satisfaction. Sleeping bags, tents and camp and personal outfit I have found could best be obtained from New York dealers. Take the usual trout fly equipment, a light steel rod with spinners and spoons, and two hundred feet of No. 20 annealed copper wire for deep trolling. For moose I have found the new .33 caliber Winchester "take down" quite sufficiently powerful and very handy, while the lightness of both gun and cartridges is a great advantage. A light .22 caliber rifle or target pistol will be found useful for grouse or to give a finish to one of the big Temagami lake trout, if you are lucky enough to hook him. Guides vary as human nature always does. Mine were excellent woodsmen and excellent fellows, though sometimes rather slow, and did their very best to get me good sport. Others that I saw and heard of were

inefficient, and as usual in such cases sulky in proportion.

The regular rates for guides are two dollars per day and twenty-five cents per day for each canoe. Tents and blankets can also be rented if arrangements are made in advance. The ice goes out of the lakes from April 20 to May 1; but vegetation hurries forward to get its work done during the short summer, and the leaves can be almost seen to grow. Light snow and freezing nights may be expected early in October and pretty heavy snow is probable by the end of that month. One is always likely to meet cool or even cold weather, and the clothing and outfit should be provided accordingly. I went in by way of Toronto and Mattawa, met my guides at Temiskaming, and went by steamer up the lake; but a railroad was then being built from North Bay to Lake Temiskaming, which is now in operation and gives a much better route, saving several days' paddling and portaging.

My first trip here was in the fall of 1900, when I stayed only a few days, spied out the land, caught a lot of very fine bass and my son missed an unexpected moose. The following spring my wife and I started in at Haileybury, went up the Montreal and through Lady Evelyn and Sucker Gut lakes, and up a river which meets the extreme end of the latter, to which we gave the name "Lemabin." After passing three large

falls we found wonderful trout fishing; in fact, the trout were so numerous that an hour's fishing per day would furnish all that could possibly be used, and fishing had to stop. Thence we went down through Temagami and out by the Metabetchouan, a canoe trip of over two hundred miles in all, taking three weeks and full of delights.

In the fall of that year I went back hoping to get a moose, but went in several wrong directions, struck bad weather, was taken ill, and was too weak to trail the only moose I saw, after shooting him through the neck. My guides followed and finished him, but his head was barely worth mounting. This was outside the Temagami forest preserve in which shooting was not then permitted. The prohibition was removed the year after, and another trip provided me with a really fine specimen, having a maximum spread of fifty-five and one-half inches, with very regular and beautiful antlers. This moose was evidently still young, and his horns seemed light for the great size of the animal. I measured him with great care and found his dimensions to be: Nose to tail, ten feet one inch; girth, eight feet three inches; hind leg to ridge of back, six feet; height at shoulder (estimated) six feet nine inches.

Visitors to this country will find it wise to comply strictly with the requirements of the local laws, which are in no way unreasonable. The authorities maintain

Two Bull Moose—Temagami

a surprisingly efficient system of inspection, and the punishment inflicted on a detected offender is very severe. One can have plenty of sport legally, be safe from penalties and, best of all, enjoy the approval of his own conscience.

II.—NEWFOUNDLAND.

During the last trip to Temagami I met some New York gentlemen, who had been caribou hunting in Newfoundland the year before, and they were good enough to give me a full account of their experience, with names and addresses of their guides, routes and sources of supply and, in fact, all the detailed information that one has usually to laboriously, tediously and expensively acquire for himself. I at once began correspondence, and succeeded as I thought in making all necessary arrangements, and our party of four left Cleveland on August twenty-fourth. Four days' steady travel, by way of Boston, Plant line steamer to Hawkesbury, Cape Breton, rail to North Sydney, the steamer Bruce to Port au Basques, and the Newfoundland railway, would bring us to Grand Lake, where guides, boats and supplies were to be. The actual trip did not work out quite according to schedule, on account of some delay in the arrival of articles ordered shipped from New York, not quite time enough having been allowed.

Newfoundland is roughly triangular, the sides being about three hundred and fifty miles each, and much

Caribou Stag—1

indented with bays and long narrow fiords. St. John's lies on the extreme southeastern corner, and Port au Basques on the southwestern. A total population of about one hundred and forty thousand, of which St. John's has forty thousand and about all the remainder live on or near the coast, make a laborious and precarious living by and on the product of the seal, cod, and herring fisheries, which are almost the only productive industries. The climate is too boreal and the soil too barren to admit of much agriculture, and there is little timber fit for anything but pulp and firewood, but, in scenic beauty and as a home for game and fish, few if any lands surpass or even equal it. The lower levels are like the Temagami country, though the rivers are finer, the hills higher and the whole landscape on a grander scale. The elevated plateaus, which make up a large part of the interior and are called "barrens," are unlike any country I have ever seen, and must resemble the Scotch moors, though with much more woodland. They are a series of rocky ridges and knolls, often a hundred feet or more high, and a mile or more apart, divided by valleys containing streams, lakes and marshes, and dotted here and there with patches of densely growing spruces and balsams. Much of the higher land is covered with a growth of dwarf spruce and juniper, rarely exceeding three feet in height, and matted and tangled beyond

description. It is too thick to walk through and not quite thick enough to walk on, and would be practically impassable for civilized man, were it not for the caribou paths, which radiate in every direction and are beaten down by centuries of use.

The caribou moss, "sphagnum" I think, forms a soft mass of a foot or more in depth, and holds water like a sponge. Everything below the ridges was soaking wet, and one's feet were in the water most of the time; a good stock of waterproof foot gear is therefore necessary for comfort. Boots are too noisy for stalking, and moccasins are difficult to keep at all dry, so a lumberman's overshoe, or rubber moccasin with leather tops, would seem to be indicated and I shall try them this fall.

The Newfoundland railway, a well-constructed narrow gauge line, runs from Port au Basques to St. John's, curving northward to about the center of the island and making a line of five hundred and forty miles in total length. An express train, with parlor and dining car, is run in each direction three times a week, with a mixed train on alternate days. In summer the express starts on time and is rarely very late; while the mixed train is likely to turn up anywhere from two to twenty-four hours after schedule time. In winter, which begins about October 15 and lasts until May, I understand that it is not unusual for trains to be run

three months apart and to be four months late in arriving, but this is beyond my personal experience.

The harbor of Port au Basques is a small basin, entered from the sea through a cleft or canyon and surrounded by rocky ridges, sparsely mottled with scrubby vegetation and irregularly placed whitewashed cabins. One is reminded of pictures of Iceland and Greenland, but the railroad soon passes into a more attractive country, crosses or skirts several magnificent salmon rivers, and after a run of about one hundred miles, comes down to the splendid salt water fiord called "Bay of Islands," fifty miles long by a mile or two wide, and bordered by stately hills which are nearly worthy of the name of mountains. Into the head of this bay flows the Humber river, a glorious salmon stream of large size, flowing between lofty hills, precipitous cliffs, and all that is picturesque in landscape. Ascending this river it first widens out into Deer lake, and then contracts again into the upper Humber, into which flows the Junction river, the outlet of Grand lake and another superb salmon stream. The two log cabins which form Grand Lake Station are just west of the latter river, and there is a fine salmon pool immediately below the bridge. Grand lake, about seventy miles long and one to three miles wide, stretches off to the southwest, bordered by rapid slopes rising to the great upper barrens, a thousand feet above, promontories of

Caribou Stag—2

which make picturesque headlands, down which flow a series of dashing streams.

The journey down Grand lake is made in dories, and parties can leave the lake and climb to the barrens at any one of several points, being practically sure of good shooting anywhere. We went down the lake some thirty or forty miles, and made the climb and journey over the barrens to our main camp very easily in one day. That is, it was easy for us, but how our guides climbed that fierce hill, and tramped across the scrub under their huge packs, was a wonder to me. They were thoroughly skilled woodsmen, keen sportsmen, willing, prompt and highly efficient; in fact, the best guides I have ever had, and were well satisfied to receive a dollar and a half a day each, which also paid the hire of two dories.

Caribou hunting here is real deer stalking, the game being often found and its size and value determined with a powerful field glass at a mile or two away, and then approached with due regard for the wind and cover. The large stags are always quite light in color, showing, especially on the neck, a great deal of white, which increases as the season grows later, while the does, yearlings, calves, and young stags are much darker, often showing a good deal of black. A distant white spot is always worthy of careful examination and, if it prove to be a deer, his value as a trophy

Caribou Stag—3

can be often pretty well determined by his color, long before his antlers can be seen. Many of the does bear horns, though these are always small; but I saw no does, which had calves with them, that bore antlers, and think it possible that they are worn only by does that are barren that year, and hence can apply to the growth of horns the strength that nursing a calf would otherwise consume. The coat is very thick even in summer and, with the heavy body, makes the hornless does and calves look much like Jersey cattle in figure, though the coloration is black, gray and white instead of fawn, any reddish or brownish hue being unusual and slight. A large stag will weigh nearly or quite five hundred pounds, and is therefore about twice the size of our deer, and half that of our elk. They seemed to me notably unsuspecting and easy of approach, far more so than any other of the *cervidae,* so that with reasonable care there was little difficulty in getting within good range; and, like the elk, they certainly succumbed more quickly to wounds of the same gravity than the Virginia deer.

In the early part of September the stags are beginning to shed the velvet, the biggest doing so first, my guides say. Does and fawns could occasionally be seen in the open all through the day; but most of the deer then pass the day in the woods, coming out when the sun is low and going back in the morning, so the shoot-

ing is best done in the evening and at sunrise. One can get through the marshy valleys with ease, through the scrub or "bushes" with difficulty, and through the woods scarcely at all, so the game must be caught in the open. My guide and I sat on a little knoll one evening, watching the deer come out of the woods and wander over the marshes, when a yearling walked up within thirty yards of us, and refused to go away for some fifteen minutes, though we stood in plain sight and pelted him with stones. He was a beautiful light iron gray and, as he stared and pranced in excitement, was a charming sight.

It is well known that the Newfoundland caribou have particularly heavy and fine antlers, many having two large brow paddles, which often interlock, instead of one paddle and a single spike as seems to be generally the case in Maine and New Brunswick. Our two licenses entitled us to six heads, which we got in a very few days, and all were good specimens. My best head had thirty-six points, each antler measuring three feet two inches around the curve, and with a maximum spread of two feet eight inches, the horns being of good weight and very uniform. One of my companions got a much heavier and finer head, though the two horns were less alike. Two of our party were college boys, neither of whom had ever shot a deer, and they both got good heads.

Shortage of supplies compelled us to get back to the railroad, and, after this deficiency was remedied, we went about ten miles up the lake and camped by a river flowing into it. It was high noon and a bright day when we arrived, but I got out a light trout rod and began casting over a pool in front of the camp, using No. 8 trout flies. After taking two or three nice trout and a one-pound salmon, my flies swept into an eddy, sank a little and stopped dead. I struck and put quite a pull on and nothing happened, so said to my guide, "That's queer, but it don't feel like a rock somehow." Just then there was a convulsion and a big, silvery, speckled fish shot out a good two feet. I eased him down, he rested a few seconds, made a short circle and jumped again. So he kept it up, never offering to run, but going out of the water just twenty times and getting half way out on the twenty-first, but finally was tired out and landed. He was my first salmon of any size, and a big fish for my tackle, though he only weighed six pounds. Next year I shall go properly equipped, fish systematically, and hope for something bigger.

Taken all together, in ease of access, beauty, variety and number of fish and game, and interest of the sport, Newfoundland equals if it does not surpass any country I have visited.

Grilse On A Trout Rod

ARGE salmon begin to run up the rivers of Newfoundland toward the end of June, and the best fishing comes early in July, while the time to shoot caribou is after September first. Few of us are able to make two such long trips in one year, and fewer still can devote a whole summer to sport, so that it seemed as if we must either take the caribou and regret the salmon, or be satisfied with the salmon and dispense with the deer.

In September of last year I had a very successful trip after caribou, but was filled with longing to fish those superb rivers when their chief glory was on hand for business, so this year planned to reach the island about the middle of August, put in the first two weeks in fishing, and go up to the barrens about the time when the deer were cleaning their horns, so getting a fair sample of each sport.

It was late on August twentieth when we reached the Junction river, and early next morning we began whipping that splendid stream, but to our great disappointment three days' hard work yielded only a few trout and one small grilse; so we broke camp and went up Grand lake, ten miles to Hind's brook. Here we found

the water very low and no fish of any kind, so broke camp again, rowed to the Sandy Lake river, and went up that stream five or six miles to the first rapid without seeing a fish. I had my trout rod mounted and cast in every likely place with no rises, so, while the guides were getting ready to haul the dories up the rapid, I walked up the stream a few yards and cast again. As the flies circled over an eddy there was a tremendous rush and a gleam of silver, but no touch on the flies. Of course, I should have put on a stronger leader and a salmon fly and waited at least five minutes before casting again, but was too ignorant and too eager for this and cast again and again. That salmon rose six times and then went down in disgust and stayed down.

I ordered the guides to find a good place and make camp, and our whole party proceeded to string themselves along that rapid and whip the water. I put a small salmon fly on my light trout leader, went up to the head of the rapid and cast some distance above the first break. Instantly there was a convulsion in the water, a tremendous drag on the line, a leap into the air, and that fish started down the rapid, leaping every few feet, with myself splashing and scrambling through water and over rocks in his wake, while the reel screamed and the little rod bent almost to the breaking point. He bounded gaily past one of my companions, who cast wildly after him, seeing only the fish

and paying no attention to the man in tow. Him I objurgated with what breath I could spare and continued my wild career, until my locomotive paused in the big pool below. There he circled, jumping every now and then, while I wound in line and got my breath, and at last drew him slowly toward my guide who stood ready to gaff. For some incomprehensible reason that guide, as the line came close to him, took hold of it; there was a little jerk against his hand, the light leader snapped and my fish was gone.

Such a situation makes one realize how imperfect and inadequate are words for the complete expression of thought, but I did my poor best to be equal to the occasion. My line wasn't touched again during the whole trip, so perhaps all was said that was really necessary.

There are four rapids on this stream below the foot of Deer lake, and there were plenty of salmon in all of them. No large fish took our flies, only grilse running from three to five pounds, so after the first day we put up the salmon rods and used only our six-ounce trout rods, with one No. 8 salmon fly, double hook—the Newfoundland rivers being so clear that a large fly is of no use. What sport we did have! We would lose at least two fish out of every three hooked, so we had all the fun and did not kill more fish than could be used, which is the perfection of fishing to my notion.

Black bass? Pooh! Speckled trout? Stuff! Rainbow trout? Bosh! Grayling? Fiddle! I have caught them all over and over again, and, good though they are, they don't for an instant compare with the acrobatic grilse. The salmon is the king of fish, and to take grilse on a trout rod is as good sport as this world has to give.

Caribou in Velvet—1

After Caribou Again

FTER more than a week of grilse fishing on the Sandy Lake river we started back to Grand lake, intending to go down it about thirty miles to the Narrows and back to our shooting ground of last year; but two guides, whom I sent to the station for supplies and letters, on their return reported that another party had started for the Narrows the day before. So we rowed down the big lake only about fifteen miles to a trail descending from the barrens, at a place called Harry's Hill and marked by a very prominent rocky headland bearing the name of Old Harry. This trail is excessively steep, and we camped below intending to make the climb in the morning. While supper was getting ready one of the guides shouted from the beach, "Caribou," and we all piled down there in a hurry. On a bold bare promontory five or six hundred feet above us stood a splendid stag, head up and antlers displayed to the best advantage, and posed there long enough to let us get the glasses and admire his fine horns, when he was joined by a doe and strolled out of our sight.

In the early morning the guides all loaded up with huge packs and we tackled the hill, and it was a hard

climb though much shorter than the grade at the Narrows; the trail, however, was plain and quite clear of fallen timber and very well beaten through the scrub which covers the upper part of the slope. After crossing a high ridge of bare red rock, and passing a little pond, near the shore of which were several caribou, none having good horns, we camped in a grove, traversed by a rapid little stream, in which, by shifting a lot of boulders, we formed a bath tub, having a constant and copious supply of ice water.

East of us lay a succession of rocky ridges, scrub covered slopes, and little lakes and ponds bordered by small trees, an ideal country for deer, and from this camp and one a few miles east of it we hunted for a week, getting nine good stags, all that our three licenses permitted. None of the heads were remarkable for Newfoundland, though in Maine or New Brunswick they would have been considered very fine. The fact is that we were a little too early, August twenty-eighth to September fifth, and the weather was too warm to be very favorable, for the deer came out of the woods late and went back just after sunrise. The antlers of all our stags were perfectly formed and of full size, but still in the velvet, though this could be readily peeled off leaving the horns in fine condition, and their necks were already white and shaggy, early as it was.

Northeast of Harry's Hill is a wide expanse of

Caribou in Velvet—2

woodland and marsh at a somewhat lower level and extending to Hind's lake several miles away. The numerous streams and ponds abounded in trout, and wild geese, which are reported to breed there, were quite common; but there seemed to be very few caribou except on the barrens and in the patches of woodland bordering on them and dotting the low places. Here they were plentiful, though big stags with fine heads were scarce as usual. Does with one or more fawns were plenty and I found that my suggestion, that only the barren does might wear horns, did not always hold good, which shows the risk of generalizing from limited observation. The biggest and finest stag seen I ran across after my limit had been killed, so had to be satisfied with creeping up near him, counting the points of his splendid antlers, giving him a start and watching him run. The flesh of these stags was excellent venison and the kidneys and livers, fried in their own fat or boiled with a few onions, were especially delicious.

My first stag was intercepted on his way back to the woods at daybreak, so it was only necessary to get into his line of march, wait until he came within a hundred yards and put the bullet where it would do the most good, at my leisure. He flinched sharply at the shot, but wheeled and went off at full gallop. The second bullet was over him, but the third, aimed at the

root of the tail, caught him close to that spot and made him sit down in a hurry. The first ball had struck just back of the shoulders and gone clean through the center of both lungs, of course giving a mortal wound, but did not prevent his making very fast time for about a hundred yards and without any apparent difficulty.

My second success was more interesting; Fred and I had tramped the bushes for several miles, and about concluded that all the stags had gone back to the woods and that we might as well go home, but before turning back I climbed a ridge and carefully swept the country with my glass, particularly examining every one of the numerous light colored rocks which dotted every slope. A quadrant of the circle was covered without finding anything, but, when the glasses settled on a boulder half a mile due south, it suddenly changed into a good stag lying down, the bushes behind him having prevented his horns from showing to the eye. The wind was favorable, so we had only to consider the cover, and a thirty minutes' crawl and creep through the bushes brought us behind a big stone within a hundred yards of the unsuspecting deer. He never knew we were near him until I had counted his points, decided that it was better to take his head and not have to tramp that awful scrub any more, taken a careful sight and fired. The bullet struck the shoulder, cut the spine, the stag made a great lurch to one side and

struggled for a minute or two, but never got to his feet and was dead when I reached him. In both of these cases I was surprised at the loud and distinct sound made by the stroke of the thirty-three Winchester ball, which was sharp and clear as that made by a base hit and very like it.

Having now all the heads coming to me I asked Fred to take out one of the party who had as yet seen no stag worth shooting, and Fred said, "I'll get him his deer if he'll walk." They left camp early next morning, with a couple of blankets and a little grub, and were back the following noon with three good heads, having seen over two hundred caribou. They had tramped straight south until about noon, dropped the pack in a clump of bushes and hunted until dark, going at least ten miles away from the baggage and shooting the three stags at widely separated points. Fred had then gone back in the dusk straight to where the pack had been left, and in the morning found the way again to each of the three deer, one after another. The country is all pretty much alike, with no particular landmarks, and so covered with patches of scrub that one cannot hold anywhere near a straight course. The guide must keep such a mental record as to certainly find his way back to any point, follow the easiest path there is, circle difficulties, watch where he puts his foot at every step to avoid a fall, and at the same time see

Caribou in Velvet—3

any deer, still or moving, standing or lying, around the whole horizon. To do all this without a fault requires woodcraft of the highest class, and such skill is a never ceasing wonder to the inexperienced.

These three stags filled our permitted number, so we broke camp and packed everything to Grand lake the next day, got to the railway the following afternoon, and shifted the baggage, changed to civilized garb, and took the train for home the day after.

The total expense of our trip, including three licenses at fifty dollars each, the hire of five men and two dories for a month, supplies for the whole party, traveling expenses of every kind for sixteen hundred miles and back again, and all incidentals except personal outfit, was about two hundred and seventy-five dollars apiece for an outing of thirty-five days. For this we got nine stags, about forty salmon, abundance of trout, some ducks and ptarmigan, fine appetites and sound sleep with the health and strength they bring, and thirty days crowded full of the best kind of fun. In what other way could anyone get so much for so little?

Some Black Bass

IN Summit County, Ohio, the Cuyahoga river cuts down through the carboniferous conglomerate, making a gorge of about three miles long, through which the stream rushes in a succession of rapids, pools and falls. In my boyhood a good many small mouth bass resided in this water, and their pursuit was the principal occupation of our summers. Of course we had not attained to the skill necessary for fly fishing, nor was the necessary tackle therefor within the reach of our meagre pockets, so we got along with a bamboo pole, fitted with homemade guides, borrowed reels, and a can of live and lively chubs. Before long we got to know every inch of the fishable part, and every stone on the bottom. There were certain refuges which always held a bass, a new occupant coming in to take the place of his captured predecessor within a few days at most.

The chub was hooked lightly through the lip and allowed to run down the current. When a strike came the bass would sail away, carrying the bait crosswise in his mouth and, after going a few yards, stop, turn the chub head first and start to swallow it. An immediate strike would simply pull the bait away, never hooking

the bass. At the first touch we dropped the tip, yielded line smoothly from the reel till the fish stopped, waited a few seconds more and then yanked. Two or three good bass, two pounds or so each, were a remarkably large day's catch. Big mouths are found in the small lakes draining into the Cuyahoga, but were very rarely caught in the swift stream.

The reefs about the islands toward the western end of Lake Erie were famous bass ground thirty years ago, and a good many linger there yet, in spite of pounds and gill nets. The fishing is done in the open lake, often in a heavy roll, and the tackle used has to be strong and rather coarse. A two-ounce sinker was made fast at the end of the line, above which were from two to four hooks carrying four-inch minnows and very large flies, usually two of each. The boat was kept in motion and the sinker dragged along or near the bottom. Sometimes you struck a school, and for a while, short or long, were kept busy, often getting two or three big fellows on at once, when there was lots of disturbance. Most times you bumped your sinker along the bottom for hours without a touch. I have fished all day for a couple of bass, and have taken forty in a morning. These fish would average from a pound and a half to two pounds, anything over three pounds being very large. May was the best time of year, but there was another run of fish in October.

The upper waters of the Ottawa, with its tributary lakes and streams, is the real stamping ground of *micropterus,* and there they are larger, stronger and more frequent than anywhere else that I know about. Some of these lakes, deep in the wilderness, are practically never fished and so contain just as many bass as can be supported. They grow very large and are tremendously strong and fierce; one of the big fellows on a light rod will keep you busy for a good while and teach you something new about rushes and jumps. These splendid warriors in dusky mail won't give in till they have to and, when you lift one into the boat, he hasn't a flop left in him. They are so strong that they are slow to die in the air. When the day's catch has been unduly large I have often put back the liveliest ones, after they had lain in the boat for an hour or so, usually in more or less water, and seen them gradually move a little more and more, flap fins and tail faintly, then more strongly, straighten up and fall back on the side, finally sailing off all right. You can hook a bass, fight him to a finish, take him off and put him back in the lake, being sure that it won't hurt him a bit; in fact, I think he rather likes it.

Personally I don't like the bass on the table, the musky flavor being disagreeable to me, nor do I think him beautiful. But he is a real fighter, half battleship and half bulldog, and must be respected and admired even if you do not love him.

On Guides

OMFORT in camp, success in sport, and often safety and life itself, depend on having skilled and willing guides. They pitch the tents, make the beds, cook and do all the other work—and the amount of labor involved in the simple housekeeping of a camp is surprising—paddle the canoes, carry the packs, find the good ground and the game, direct the stalk and trail the wounded quarry, lead the way through forest, thicket, fog, storm and darkness back to camp or bivouac; in fact, without their constant help and guidance, the wilderness would be impossible to us dwellers in the cities. The high specialization of civilized life tends to make each man a cog or lever in a great machine, doing certain limited work only, and depending on the co-operation of a multitude of others to produce anything complete and finished. The guide, depending on himself alone to meet all the varying emergencies of life, becomes a type of the all-around man, able to do anything in his own field, and developing remarkable ability in overcoming difficulties by simple methods and extraordinary skill in doing well a great variety of things.

Life in the real wilderness seems to tend to make

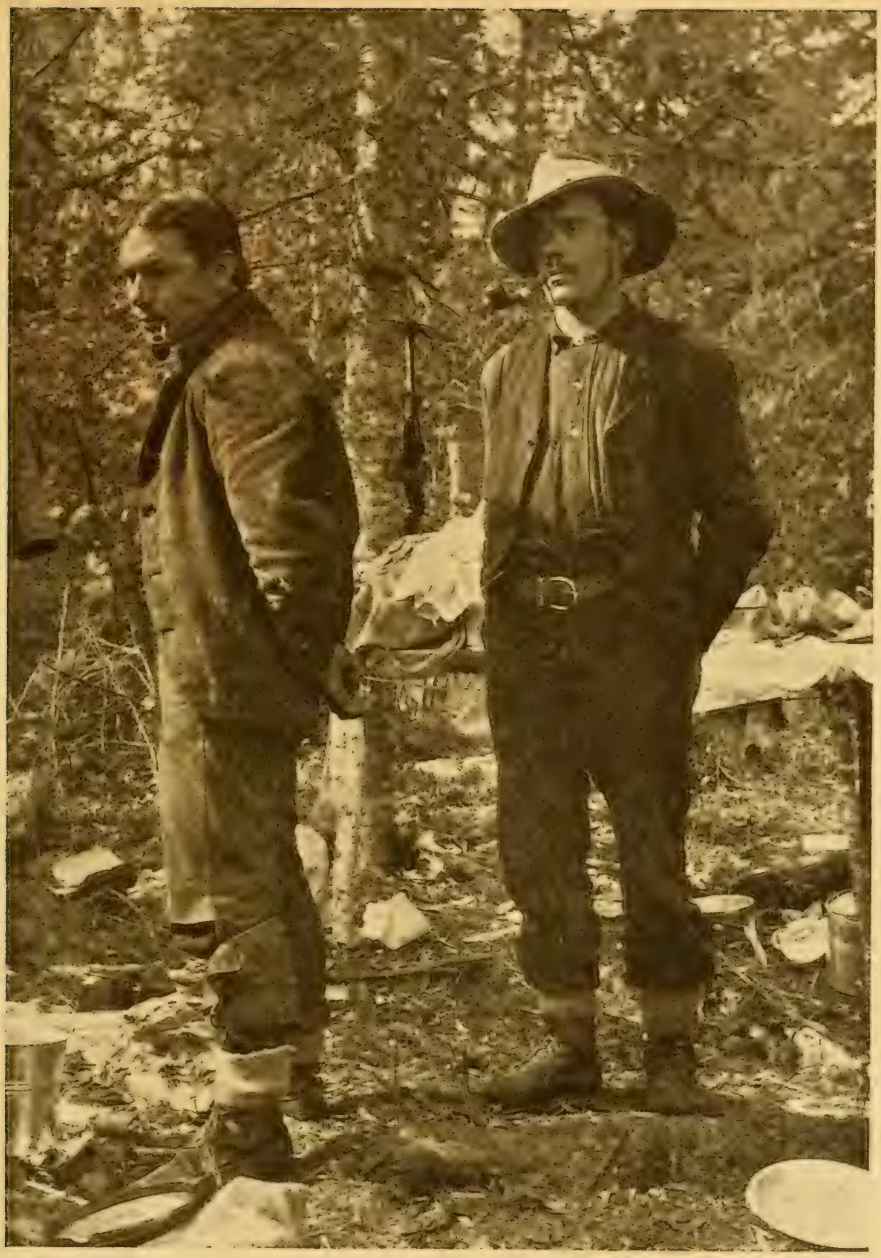
men honest, simple, efficient and trustworthy, and nearly all the many guides I have known have been fully worthy of all these adjectives; but guides are human and no more able to resist continued temptation than most of us; so that one is only too apt to find those that hang around the great hotels develop the servile vices, do as little work as possible for the largest price obtainable and spend their earnings on whiskey and cards. Such men are worse than useless and, if one has reason to suspect that he has one in the party, the only thing to do is to get rid of that man at once, no matter what the trouble and cost. Better lose a week's time, or even abandon your trip, than find yourself deep in the wilds with a guide who cannot be depended upon.

Some guides have skill in woodcraft that is simply amazing. I remember once starting out from camp to find a spring that ought to have been, and possibly was, in a valley half a mile off, pushing my way through thick brush and over rotten ground, full of holes, for several hundred yards, and then discovering that my only pair of eye glasses had been lost in transit. Careful search along my back track failed to show them, and I got back into camp, hot and disgusted, sure that my eyes would not be of much use for the rest of the trip, and said as much to the guides who sat around the fire. Nobody said anything to speak of, and I did not even notice one of the Indians slip quietly away a little

Newfoundland Guide

after; but in about ten minutes he appeared again and without a word handed me the lost glasses. Now to find the proverbial needle in the hay stack would not have been half so difficult as to track me through that brush and pick that little thing out of its hiding place, but neither Steve nor his companions seemed to think the feat at all remarkable.

Guides take great pride in their thorough knowledge of the woods and skill in woodcraft, are very patient with the tenderfoot who doesn't pretend to be anything else, but most contemptuous of sportsman or guide who pretends to know how, but shows ignorance or incapacity on trial. On my last Newfoundland trip one of the guides, a great boaster, lost his way and had to climb a tree to put himself straight, and the others ridiculed him unmercifully, and will doubtless keep him reminded of it as long as he lives. To get good work from guides, or for that matter from any other assistants, it has always seemed to me the best method to give them general directions, let them do the thing in their own way without interference, and hold them responsible for results. Make your bargain in advance, expect and see that you get good service and, after the work is all done and paid for, if the boys have done well and you feel like being generous, make them a free gift of what you think right. The tipping system, or extra pay for work that comes within the scope



Temagami Guides

of regular duty, is likely to be most unsatisfactory. It is also a mistake for the sportsman to do guides' work, except in case of emergency; they will let him do all of their work he wants to and think the less of him for doing it.

A guide will highly appreciate skill on the part of the sportsman with rod, gun or rifle, and is apt to esteem him in proportion to the amount displayed. Having fished several times last summer at Cascade lake with a type of the good class of guides, and having cast the fly with some skill and success, he said with enthusiasm to some friends of mine who went there later, "Mr. Newberry is a fine fisherman and a fine man," which was as cordial a testimonial as one is likely to receive.

It has always seemed to me a mistake to let a guide carry a gun or rod; there is plenty for them to do in assisting you, and one rod or rifle can secure all the fish or game needed, so why deplete the wilderness without necessity and to your own disadvantage. In big game shooting especially, if your guide carries a rifle, it is more than likely that he, and not you, will get the shots.

One is constantly surprised at the handiness of his guides under adverse circumstances. I remember once in the Temagami country starting with two guides to get to a little lake over a four-mile portage. The trail

was very rough, the luggage too heavy to take in one trip, it began to rain very hard, and the dusk caught us two-thirds over the carry, with half the stuff two miles back and rain coming down in sheets. The boys dropped packs where they stood and started back for the other loads, while I took refuge under a balsam, lit a cigar and waited more than an hour for them to return. It was completely dark when their steps were heard again, and raining as when Noah made his famous voyage. One of the boys grabbed a bucket and the other an axe and disappeared into the wet dark, coming back in a minute or two with some birch bark, dead wood and a pail of water. In ten minutes a good fire was blazing just in front of a spread tent fly, and Steve started his cooking, while Will pitched the tent, cut balsam brush, shaking off the drops and giving it a hasty dry over the fire, made my bed, unrolled the blankets from their waterproof cover, and in an hour I was snug in dry blankets, with a good supper inside of me, and lulled gently to sleep by the rain and wind.

Trout I Have Met

HE Eastern brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis,* red spotted, graceful, swift, bold and yet shy, pink fleshed and dainty, was my earliest love and still remains first in my affection and esteem. This fish is at his best in the cold and highly oxygenated water of rushing mountain streams and, though he tolerates warmer and stiller water up to a certain point, such an environment detracts greatly from his strength and spirit. With the coming of summer he vanishes from the main streams and seeks spring holes, the depths of lakes, and any other refuge from the warmth that he dislikes so much. Under favorable conditions this trout is the perfection of a game fish, while under different circumstances he may become heavy, sluggish, and little better than a chub.

All fish seem to manifest such a variation in character and conduct according to their environment. The rainbow trout, *Salmo irideus,* when taken in the cold water of the Yellowstone, is said to be dull and heavy, showing little spirit. In the Ausable river of Michigan, in the summer, they are very strong and fierce, but did not seem to me especially good on the table. In fact I formed rather an unfavorable opinion of this

trout, based of course on limited experience, until a recent summer, when I met him in favorable surroundings. The west branch of the Ausable river of New York, passing through Wilmington Notch, drops eight hundred feet or so in about ten miles, and is rocky, shaded, clear, almost if not quite perfection. The stream still contains a remnant of the native *fontinalis,* and has been also stocked with *irideus* and *fario.* It is furiously fished by the natives in the spring and early summer and by July about all the *fontinalis* seem to have disappeared. In the swift water of the gorge, however, there linger a good many rainbows of good size, and these I had the pleasure of visiting through August of that year.

This time, place and water seemed to exactly suit these fish, and better fly fishing I have never had, not even with grilse. They were very shy, so that one had to cast a long line and keep out of sight, would rarely rise a second time, unless one waited five minutes or so before casting again, as he would for salmon; would often rise short and settle back without touching the fly, always so when the sun was on the water. But, when the conditions were right, when a big fellow did come and did really mean it, when the strike told and the hook set, then look out for squalls. He would dance on his tail, stand on his head, change ends like a broncho, leap three feet clear and ten feet along, swim up

Fontinalis—Manistee

falls and dash down them, head for every rock and snag in sight, in fact exhaust the category of fishy pyrotechnics. Each of these rainbows would take as long to kill, and fight at least as hard, as a speckled trout of twice his size. They were brave and bounding beauties beyond question.

The brown trout, *Salmo fario,* I did not find in the gorge at all, but took several good ones in the pools below. They were very shy and cautious, rarely rising until after sundown, and their play was long and strong, but heavy, slow and not exciting. Both these brown and rainbow trout were good on the table, though inferior to the speckled trout. Their flesh grew soft noticeably soon, those caught in the morning being often quite pulpy when dressed at dark, but a little salt and a night on the ice made them all right.

Salmo purpuratus, the Rocky Mountain or cutthroat trout, I took in abundance in the mountain streams of Colorado, mainly in the Yampa river. They are closely allied to the rainbow and seem to me very like him, in the water and on the table, but none that I caught approached the New York rainbows in strength or activity. My fishing was done in August and September and they may well have been livelier early in the season—certainly they were less shy than *fontinalis,* for I repeatedly saw a good-sized fellow swing lazily up from the depths of a pool and take the

fly in plain sight of me as I stood on the open bank without cover. These fish did not then lie in the swift water, but were in the pools near the edge of rapids. At the bottom of one such still pool I could plainly see two or three hundred trout, but no amount of casting over the surface would stir them. So I let my flies sink deep and could see a trout start up slowly, rise gently for a foot or so, suck in the fly and turn back, when a twitch hooked him. Three or four taken in this way exhausted the vein and no more would stir.

For all these trout I used a light leader and No. 10 flies, Abbey, Professor and Montreal for *irideus,* and black ant for *purpuratus.* Small flies are handy to cast and will hold firmly enough if the rod is managed well. Bigger flies of course have a stronger hold, but cannot be cast so accurately, splash more when they strike, are harder to set, and I think will not generally produce so full a creel.

Cascade Lake

Grilse And Other Fish

N A recent issue of *Forest and Stream,* Mr. Brown comments on my little sketch of "Grilse on a Trout Rod" in such a kindly and sympathetic way as to take any sting out of his very courteously expressed suggestion, that my reference to trout, bass, and other fish may be hasty and inaccurate in substance and unkind in form, and that further experience would modify my opinion and lead me to express it more gently. Differences of opinion must arise on such matters, and they are too often stated without Mr. Brown's charm of manner and feeling. I am certain that the gentleman is a true fisherman, and a good one, and, in the name of our sainted Izaak Walton, I tender him the right hand of fellowship.

The true fisherman reverences and admires all the finny tribe, sees good in them all, and earnestly seeks the company of those he may find. He will revel with salmon, rejoice with trout, be delighted with bass, and pleased with pike, and, if denied the fairer and nobler of the race, can take comfort even in catfish. He will fish wherever and whenever possible and be happy in doing so; but he may and must have preferences, and take greater proportionate joy as his quarry

displays more and more of the dashing qualities which the title "game" denotes. John Stuart Mill says that the price of any commodity is fixed by a combination of the two factors "value in use and difficulty of attainment," and in matters of sport the latter element greatly predominates, for certainly the fact that fish and game are good on the table has but a very small part in creating the strong passion that all sportsmen feel for their pursuit. Hope, uncertainty, surprise, and the full exercise of all powers of mind and body in the struggle for success, are surely the main causes for the never failing charm of angling; fish are esteemed in the relative proportion in which each variety brings these passions and these powers into keen and energetic action, and I know of no form of sport that does this so completely as fly-fishing.

The value of any fisherman's opinion as to the relative merit of the various forms of his cherished sport must depend on the extent and variety of his experience, and I see no way of proving that my own has any worth except that of modestly stating what I have seen and done. I am a fisherman by inheritance and family tradition, with a personal experience of over forty years, during the last thirty of which I have been devoted to the artificial fly; not that I despise or feel myself in any way superior to brothers of the angle who are addicted to other forms of the lure, but that

A Big Pike

the fly suits me best. I have taken thousands of speckled trout, from fingerlings up to four pounds, in New England, the Alleghanies, the Adirondacks, the Rockies, Ontario, Quebec, and elsewhere; have caught *purpuratus* in Colorado, *irideus* in the West and in Michigan, grayling in the Ausable and Manistee, and smallmouth bass in countless places, best and largest in the wild waters around the upper Ottawa. I have trolled for bluefish outside of Sandy Hook, and caught them, together with Spanish mackerel and "sea trout," so-called, on light tackle in Florida; and last and best of all, have taken grilse in Newfoundland. Large salmon are as yet unknown to my personal experience, but, if all goes as planned, there will be a story to tell about them next summer.

All this finny prey I esteem and delight in and hope to meet again and again, and do not love the others less because I love the salmon more. Each has its merits and its peculiar charm, but the salmon has the merits and charms of all the rest and in a higher degree. He is bold and brave as a bass and, like him, leaps and surges; wary and wily as a trout and, like him, dashes and runs; graceful and gay as a grayling, fierce as a bluefish, and more beautiful than either. They are the nobles of Piscia and he is its King.

Disappointment

Forest and Stream, August 19, 1905.

HAVE always longed to catch a big salmon, our delightful experience with Newfoundland grilse in August of last year much intensifying the desire, and was assured that plenty of them could be got in the same waters about July first. So the rather elaborate preparations necessary for such a trip were promptly begun; guides were engaged; routes and rates decided on and transportation secured; supplies ordered from one firm to meet us at one point, and fishing tackle from another firm at another point, and my son and I left Cleveland late in June full of hope and confidence. In fact, some extra salt was ordered, so that the surplus salmon not used in camp could be salted and smoked, and we could fish with clear consciences, certain that none of our catch would be wasted.

All the preliminaries went so smoothly that we might well have known that fortune had a bad turn in store for us at the last. Trains were on time; sleeping car berths were to be had at the last moment and usually the last berths; tackle arrived at Port au Basques

on time and all right. Fred met us at St. Georges, reporting the other guides waiting at Deer lake, and all the supplies turned up at the last station, as did trunks and other baggage, without mishap. Then came the reverse of the medal. I had planned the year before to fish the Willow Steady pools on the upper Humber, where my guides had the greatest sport in the previous season. Now there were still great masses of snow and ice on the north slope of the Central mountains, the Humber was in full flood, making a through route to the headwaters, and there were no fish in the pools at all.

We decided to try Sandy Lake river, where there was such good sport with grilse last fall, and got to the first rapid after two days' delay. The water there was at least three feet higher than in the previous August, the river unrecognizable, and absolutely no salmon to be found though trout fairly swarmed. Two more wasted days brought us back to Flat Bay river on the western side of the island, a fine salmon stream and ordinarily most productive, but now very low, with only a thin sheet of water purling through a waste of bowlders, and so clear that every stone and fish in it was as plain to our sight as we doubtless were to the latter. There are two fine pools just above the railway bridge, one beneath it, and two or three more in the half mile down to tide water, and these we flogged industriously,

Sea Trout and Brook Trout

getting to the water in the early dawn, taking a long rest through the bright hours, and then swinging the rods again until dark, with nothing to show for it all but a few grilse, a good deal bruised from climbing over rocks, and an occasional sea trout.

In the lowermost pool were clearly visible ten or a dozen salmon, running from ten to thirty pounds in weight, and every now and then one of the big fellows would roll out on the surface, just to taunt us. Now and again capricious fancy, or perhaps a change of fly, would make one rise to a cast, make a great surge in the water, fill us with hope and then settle back without a touch. So it went for three days until even my guides —good sportsmen and law-abiding citizens—began to drop into lurid language and express unhallowed wishes for dynamite or a net; but we kept our tempers pretty well, flogged away with the big rods, fought flies day and night, and hoped for better things to come.

Now we had an experience of the courtesy of English officers and gentlemen. Our two rods were more than sufficient for this lower river, and it is not customary to intrude on a previously established party, but two or three officers from a gunboat then at St. Georges came down and camped on the lower pools, flailing them night and day. We were told they would only stay for a day or two, so kept away from those pools; but I strolled down, met one of the party and told him

that we were in camp at the bridge and had been fishing those pools for three days, but would leave them alone until their party was gone. They expressed regret to have interfered with us and said they were leaving next morning. That afternoon, while I was waiting at the pools above the bridge for the sun to drop a little further, one of this party appeared and promptly caught a grilse out of the pool I was watching. I walked over there and politely suggested that it was not quite fair, after we had left them the best pools, for them to also fish the small and inferior remnant of water in front of our camp, and this officer declared he had misunderstood the matter, apologized and departed, taking with him the only fish I saw that night. The cap sheaf was put on, however, when the other two men appeared early the next afternoon and thrashed those same pools all over again, to a running accompaniment of curses from my guides, in which I felt rather inclined to join.

This party left the next day, having taken three large salmon and a lot of grilse from our pet lower pool, and we put in a week more hard work over this and the Red pools, some three miles up the river, without getting hold of a single salmon above five pounds. Then we both grew so sick, tired and disgusted that we would not have stayed a day longer for all the fish in Newfoundland, gave it up, scored the trip a failure and came home. All the way down fishermen fairly

swarmed, every available pool, on any river visible from the train, being occupied by one or more men wielding big rods, according to general report with small success.

"Fishing with the fly" carries two meanings, one patent to the general public and another which comes home with particular force to those who have pursued *Salmo salar* in his haunts. The lordly salmon selects for his visits to fresh water the season and the country in which the insect plague is at its worst, and how bad this is only experience will teach. Certainly the hordes of flies that swarmed about us, and made ordinary comfort attainable only by constant thought and precaution, was far beyond my experience or imagination, large as both of these already were. During the daylight hours, from five in the morning to eight at night in the northern summer, the black fly swarmed, with a thirst for gore that made their personal safety a matter of indifference and a persistence that made nets of any kind nearly useless; coming in millions, creeping like a serpent, biting like a bulldog and entirely indifferent to being squashed. The cold nights of the north have caused the mosquito to pretty well abandon the nocturnal habits which he displays in softer climates, and to carry on his pernicious activity regardless of daylight. Among the trees and bushes they swarm beyond estimating, but the strong winds that generally blow all

day keep them pretty well away from open and exposed spots, so that a refuge can generally be found where they are not beyond endurance. They are active until about nine at night, and start in again with the first light of morning, when they are at their very worst. A faint idea of their numbers will be given by the fact that I once killed twenty-six by a single slap on my guide's back as he sat by a salmon pool.

It is difficult to make it clear how great an annoyance the constant plague is. By keeping all exposed parts well smeared with dope, renewed at intervals of not more than an hour (we two used nearly a pint of oil of citronella in eighteen days), and using a little tent of mosquito netting, well tucked in, to cover the head and hands at night, one can escape being badly bitten, but the brutes give you no rest; dressing, washing, bathing, or anything else that exposes the body is difficult to effect without suffering acutely, and it requires a great deal of very good sport to make up for the constant discomfort caused by these wretched pests. When Moses induced Jehovah to send a plague of flies upon Egypt he showed an expert knowledge of the infinitely disagreeable.

In the Sandy Lake stream we found abundance of bright-colored and active brook trout, so many, in fact, that catching them was soon not amusing; but during the first two days on Flat Bay brook saw no trout at all.

The third morning a handsome silvery fish took my salmon fly, and the trout rod took half a dozen more from the same pool, and after that we generally got several every morning, which, I suppose, had run in from salt water the night before. These were the famed "sea trout," concerning whose identity with *fontinalis* there has been so much controversy. Naturalists, I think, are now agreed that these are only the common brook trout gone to sea, and that, after a short stay in fresh water, they resume the usual appearance of that fish, but the differences, both in shape and color, are so great that it is difficult at first to accept this view, correct as it probably is.

These fresh run fish were deepest in the center of the body, tapering decidedly toward tail and head, the latter being triangular with upper and lower lines nearly straight and muzzle acute. The back was dark sea-green without vermiculations or spots, though the dorsal and caudal bore some lighter mottling. The sides showed some greenish shading toward the top, the rest of the fish being bright silver and the fins streaked with sea-green. Usually there was no red tinge of any kind, though a few specimens showed two or three very faint pinkish spots. The two trout shown in the first photograph were taken at the Red Rock pools, some four miles up stream, on the same morning, and were of exactly the same length, one being a sea trout and the

Sea Trout and Grilse

other a typical brook trout. The former had doubtless been in the river for some days and was decidedly darker than the fresh run specimens taken lower down, was seventeen and one-half inches long and weighed two pounds and six ounces. The latter was seventeen and one-half inches long, weighed two pounds and two ounces, had the body elongated, the head elliptical with upper and lower lines strongly curved, and the muzzle rounded. Back, dark greenish-brown, with prominent vermicular markings in lighter shade, sides light brownish-gold with a great number of vivid carmine and pink spots, belly silvery. Fins edged with white and balance red with dark streaks. The whole body was suffused with a strong purplish glow fading to pink on the belly. This fish had evidently not been in the salt water that year, if ever.

The second photograph shows the same sea trout with a grilse caught the same morning. Unfortunately, the latter was unusually long and gaunt, and therefore much less like the trout in shape than most grilse, but the coloration of the two fish was very similar. Curiously enough all these sea trout acted like salmon, taking the fly under water, not one making a clean rise or more than a mere break on the surface. The one figured made no splash at all and lay so quiet that I thought the fly was on a stick and started my guide into the pool to clear it, when it seemed that the line was

moving very slowly up stream. At first I thought this only the illusion which, when you have been looking steadily at moving water, makes any fixed object seem to move in the opposite direction; but in a moment or two a sudden rush removed any doubt, and it was a good ten minutes before he came to net. The flesh, both of the fresh run sea trout and salmon, was decidedly hard, tough and springy under the teeth, so much so as to make them quite inferior for the table to either the brook trout or to the grilse taken late in August of the previous year.

Some Failures

IN TALES of sport one is apt to dwell on his successes and to pass over the times when fortune had been adverse, so that the hearer, if trusting and credulous, as all hearers ought to be, must think that the sportsman, once in the wilderness, is certain to find game quickly and easily and sure to kill it when found; so the first experience of a novice in the field, with its long tramps, days of hard work without seeing game and incomprehensible misses, is dreadfully disappointing. The best of us often work very hard and long without getting a chance, and fail to improve the chance when it comes; yet there is pleasure in hard work well done even without reward, and in retrospect both success and failure are pleasant. Some of the times when my opportunities were not properly improved are now to be told of.

BEAR.

In the country about Lake Temagami black bear are quite plentiful and the Indian trappers bring in many skins every year, but they say that bears are very rarely seen even where they are most numerous, and that practically all they get are trapped before being shot. The Ojibways surround the hunting of "mokwa" with ceremonies of a quasi-religious character, one of which is that the skull must be hung by running water, and I saw at least forty skulls of bear hanging on small trees at one point of the Lemabin river, so there must be a good many about. The only black bear I ever shot at was on the edge of the Montreal river, a little way below the Mattawabika falls, the last name meaning "the rocky meeting place of the waters." We were traveling up the river in our birches against wind and current when this bear appeared on the bank, disappeared again, came back and finally climbed out on a "sweeper," as dead trees extending out over the water are called. He was a very big and black fellow and showed up finely. My rifle was in its case and the case packed in my war bag, but was finally dragged out, put together and loaded, with one eye on the bear as he came and went, evidently seeing us and being very uneasy but retained by some irresistible attraction, which afterward proved to be the carcass of a moose caught in some drift wood. A birch canoe yields to every rip-

ple of water or breath of wind and the bead of my front sight danced wildly about, so I had to pull when it swung somewhere near his shoulder. At the report the bear went into the river with a great splash, the guides sang out, "You've got him," and for a moment everybody was jubilant. The next instant a black stern vanished into the bush, throwing a fountain of chips, grass and leaves behind its frantic clawings, and that was the last we saw of that bear. A bullet mark in a cedar trunk showed that I had overshot an inch or so, which, let us hope, was due to the wabbling of the canoe, and not to buck fever, if one can use that term in a wider sense than it literally has. The next time I will land on the opposite bank, creep up through the bushes, take a steady rest and get my bear, but that next time hasn't come yet.

ANTELOPE.

California Park, an irregular oval, of about ten miles by five, covered with thickly growing sage brush and broken up by ridges, knolls and draws, and abounding in antelope which, as our cook used to say, "pass

their time in gettin' scared and pullin' their freight," lies just below the southern slope of Bear's Ears peak in northwestern Colorado, and probably has not changed in any particular since we hunted there in 1894. There was then no difficulty in finding a band of from twenty to fifty at any time, but considerable in getting near enough for a successful shot; for the antelope has wonderful sight and, long before we had seen them, had "counted the buttons on our coats and made up their minds where to run to next," as a western authority puts it. Percy and I put in a whole morning chasing those elusive beasts, who delighted in running past us at four or five hundred yards and tempting us to waste cartridges, a practice which had earned them the name of "the ammunition maker's friend." Finally, by making a long trip to a distant ridge, leaving our horses, crawling to the top and peeping through the sage, we did get sight of a good band without scaring them; so made a long detour and crawled some hundred yards through a dry creek bed and to the top of a little knoll, which I estimated to be about three hundred yards from the game. It did not seem possible to get nearer and Percy gave me the first chance, so I hoisted the Lyman sight to what would be somewhere near proper for the range and took a steady shot at the neck of the biggest buck. He staggered but did not fall and we made out through the glasses that his left

fore leg was broken close below the body. In a moment the band started off to the right with the broken legged one making good speed along with them. Percy ran like an antelope, and there is nothing faster, along a ridge and over a hill, and in a moment two booms of his big rifle, a double express taking one hundred and seventy-five grains of powder and six hundred and fifty of lead, came back to me. He missed clean with both barrels. Meanwhile another band, which had been in a draw below and close to us and not seen at all, circled the knoll I was on and scurried up the opposite hill, giving a lovely chance at about seventy-five yards. Last of all was a splendid buck with big and beautiful horns. I took a dead aim at the shoulder and fired with no effect; a second shot with equally careful aim was just as fruitful, and two more were exactly as effective as the first two. After the band had vanished over the hill, almost running over Percy and his empty gun, I took account of stock and realized that I had been shooting at seventy-five yards, with sights set for three hundred. Comment is inadequate.

Timid and cautious as he usually is the antelope sometimes succumbs to his curiosity at a suddenly appearing or unrecognized object. As we crossed a ridge after breaking camp and came out from behind a little fringe of scrub oak, there stood a fine buck within a hundred and fifty yards and staring fixedly at us. My

brother snatched his rifle from the sheath, jumped from his horse, and fired two shots before he got the range, but the third ball went clean through the middle of the buck just back of the shoulder. He gave the unmistakable shudder which marks a hit and rushed down the hill into a maze of scrub filling a little gulch. Our dog soon routed him out of that and the pair ran like the wind for more than half a mile, when the buck turned to bay, fighting off the dog most vigorously while we were coming up, and only falling when we were quite close. The body lay in a perfect lake of blood, which had poured from the double opening through the center of both lungs made by the forty-five caliber bullet. The wound would have brought down an elk within two minutes and a deer in five or less, but that antelope endured it for at least twenty before falling.

ELK.

Just as we got back to the horses after our fiasco with the antelope Percy called my attention to what at first seemed a string of horses, trotting across the park diagonally toward our right and a mile or so away.

The glass showed them to be a band of five cow elk, with a good stag at the rear of the line and herding his wives along. Percy set off his broncho at a furious run, up and down hill through the stiff sage, leaping water-courses and rocks, and evidently bound to break his neck or cut off those elk. Such riding over such ground is not much to my fancy, but I had to keep up with the procession, so put my heels into my black, yelled to encourage him, and away we both went at a fearful pace over the worst ground possible, taking a diagonal aim to intersect the course of the game. A mile or so of such rough riding brought us to a knoll about two hundred yards from the elk and we could evidently get no nearer, so jumped off our horses and opened fire. As the first ball struck close to them the band changed their long swinging trot to a wild gallop and kept this up till clear out of range, while our big rifles roared and the bullets knocked up the dust behind, before, beyond and between them, in fact about everywhere but in the right place. The man who can certainly bring down running game at from two to three hundred yards is more common in books than in the field, I think, at all events neither of us could do it that day.

When the echoes quieted down a little we turned to remount, and there were our two horses, with trailing reins, two hundred yards off and making at a steady amble for camp, six or seven miles away. I was per-

fectly helpless in such an emergency, and should have had to let the horses go and walk to camp; but Percy, a very strong man and a determined sort of a fellow, dropped his gun and ran, shouted, and I fear swore a little, until somehow or other he managed to check those abominable beasts and came back leading them both, thus saving us from a long and hard tramp home.

CARIBOU.

On the first trip to Newfoundland I made the inexcusable blunder of taking a new rifle into the field without careful examination of the sights,and of starting out for the first morning's hunt without testing it. We ran on to a huge stag, with splendid spreading antlers and a brilliant white neck, within a mile or so of camp and he gave me a standing broadside shot at about a hundred and fifty yards. The bullet went three feet too low, cutting the long grass only half way between us. The stag jumped off a few feet and stood again and of course the error was over-corrected and the second shot too high; the next too low, the fourth too high again and, becoming weary of the racket, the

deer skipped out unhurt. Examination and test showed a high Lyman front sight with a low buckhorn rear sight, and that it was necessary to put up the rear sight three notches to anywhere near equalize the two. Even then I could not seem to shoot uniformly with it, doubtless because my failing eyes could not see the rear sight distinctly and so get the bead into the right place every time.

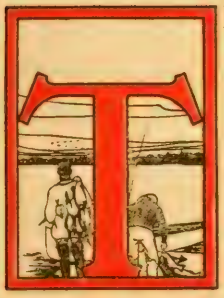
Before the next trip I put a Lyman rear sight on this gun, and it shot perfectly afterward, but then there were no gunmakers handy, so we had to adjust the sights as well as possible and go out with a weapon I could not be sure of. Three days' search did not develop any good head, so we moved camp several miles into an undisturbed region where caribou were very plenty. The first day out we saw a big-bodied fellow standing on the sky line of a hill at least a mile away, so far off that even the glass would not show his head, but his size showed that he was a good stag. Having worked our way through the bushes to the edge of a little pond at the foot of the hill we saw a young stag lying down on a small ridge close to us, in such a position that he could not be passed without giving him our wind and probably frightening both. As we sat on a ledge to consider matters there was a sudden clatter up the hill, and the big deer came scurrying down a sort of trail that went up the breast of the ridge between two knolls. As he

passed about a hundred yards off my guide shouted and the stag stopped dead. I took careful aim at his shoulder, but shot low and broke his right foreleg well above the knee. Up the trail he galloped on three legs, while I fired three more shots without result and, feeling in my pocket for more shells, was horrified to find that there was just one left, the cartridges not having been shifted when my coat was changed on starting out. The stag had not seen us and did not know where to run to and there was just a chance of saving him with that one bullet, so we scurried round the lower hill, keeping just below the crest and watching him through the bushes. It was pathetic to see the poor beast, in his pain and perplexity, swinging that shattered leg and hobbling first in one direction and then in another, till finally he lay down near a big rock at the crest. We kept on our circle until the rock was between us and him, and then crawled up the hill most cautiously, watching the points of his horns, ready to shoot if he jumped, and making a study of every foot of progress. Our silent moccasins made no sound to alarm him, and I first worked up within fifty yards, then to twenty, and at last lay on one side of the rock within twenty feet of the stag on the other. Then my feet came noiselessly under me and I stood up ready to shoot. The poor fellow rolled a terrified eye at me and scrambled to his

feet, but of course at that distance one could not miss and he dropped with my last bullet through his heart.

One with sympathies at all sensitive needs either the spur of necessity, or the excitement that only inexperience can bring, to make him eager to kill anything so beautiful and harmless as a deer and blind him to the suffering he causes. Now that I have good heads of most of our *cervidae,* conscience has begun to trouble me and the brutal side of the sport is growing too prominent for comfort, so my last big game shooting has probably been done. Fish are not so sensitive, appeal less to our sympathies, and it is not such dreadfully hard work to get them, so their pursuit is better suited to the middle-aged and conscientious, to the first of which categories I certainly belong and, let us hope, to the last also.

Fish And Game Hogs



HE primal need of living things is a supply of food which must be obtained from other living things, so the chase, first of occupations, is a fundamental instinct. Joy in pursuit and passion for slaughter appear even among the fishes and reach an appalling development among the carnivora. It became the chief delight of primitive man and savage, and civilization has only begun to exert a restraining influence on these basic yearnings. The enormous bags of driven game made by royalty, the battues of pheasants in English preserves, the slaughter of our passenger pigeons in their nesting places, the extermination of the buffalo, all bear witness to the present strength of these primeval instincts, and the rapid disappearance of fish and game shows their destructive power.

The first game laws had for their purpose to preserve game for a favored class only, prohibiting all others from taking it, even on lands cultivated by themselves, and providing the most cruel penalties for any violation of their provisions. The need of food, natural love of sport, and charm of the forbidden, all combined to make the peasantry a class of poachers, and, still worse, to arouse a hatred and contempt for such

statutes, still surviving as an obstacle to the enforcement of our present humane and public spirited laws for the protection of game and fish, which only long time and laborious education can entirely remove. There is reason to hope that the public will be brought to see the wisdom of these laws and to insist on their enforcement, before there are no game and fish left to protect, the change in general feeling and conduct over most of the country, during the last few years, being already marked.

However, sportsmen generally are coming to be governed by rules which have only the sanction of public opinion, the penalty of the violation of which is only the general condemnation of gentlemen and good fellows. No man worthy of the honored name of sportsman will now shoot a sitting game bird, or butcher a swimming deer, whether forbidden by law or not, and the killing of fish or game out of season is coming to be condemned with almost equal severity. To limit one's bag to reasonable size is now both advocated as a rule and followed as a practice, and those who refuse to be governed by any such restraint have come to be designated by the contemptuous and opprobrious epithet which heads this chapter.

One who kills more than a reasonable amount of game, finned, furred or feathered, blunts his own enjoyment by satiety, cuts off the generations to come,

from which he and others might have sport, develops in himself that joy in limitless slaughter seen in the wolf and the savage, rejoices in death and destruction without reason or justification and sinks back toward the brute from which man has so slowly and painfully raised himself. Man must eat, and give death to others that he may do so, and he may properly rejoice in trying to the utmost limit both mind and body in the pursuit of his quarry; but, as the human race rises to higher planes of development, pity and mercy modify our beast inheritance of cruelty, and reason limits passion and appetite, so that now we feel that unnecessary and malicious slaughter is the mark of devils and not of men.

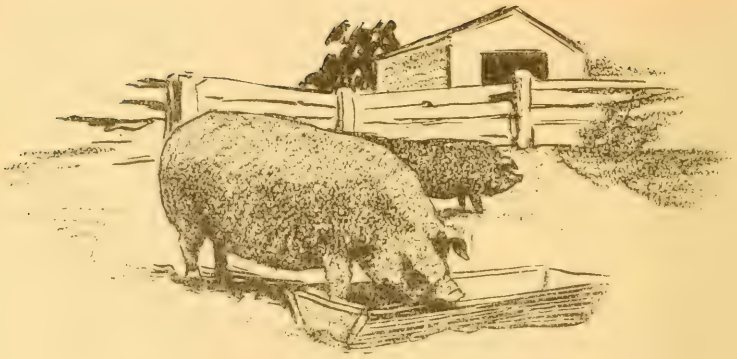
The rule of moderation in sport must be first based on the economic motive of preventing the diminution of game and the consequent destruction of a valuable provision for the future. Moral or sentimental reasons give an additional sanction, like the satisfaction that one gets from personal honesty, which is added to the actual gain which that quality seems to bring in the long run. Whether a given bag causes an unreasonable lessening of future generations must depend on the circumstances of each particular case. There are lakes in Northern Canada into which a line does not fall more than once a year, stocked with bass or trout up to the limit that the waters can support, and kept down only

by cannibalism among themselves. There to catch off a lot of the big fellows merely gives more little ones a chance to reach maturity. On such waters restraint from economic reasons alone is insufficient, and one must call on other principles, such as unwillingness to take life without good and sufficient cause, hatred of waste, pity and mercy, to control one's conduct. The fact that a convenient lumbercamp or Indian village enables one to dispose of a large bag, without waste, might in the northern wilderness be entirely sufficient to justify the taking of such an amount of fish or game as could never be approved in a more settled region. Unrestrained fishing would quickly deplete our fresh waters, which are of limited extent, while it might have no effect whatever in diminishing the swarming multitudes of the ocean. One who has seen the myriads of the Florida reef, preying on each other and so making room for the survivors to swim, realizes that in the ocean all that man can do in the way of destruction is as nothing to nature's other forces of slaughter. What fish one takes are only so many less to eat smaller fish, and be in turn eaten by bigger ones. One may there allow himself say a single day in which to catch as many big, carnivorous, rapacious destroyers as he can, whether he can use all the catch or not, and may do it again if a fleet of spongers, or a railway construction gang, are near enough so that the fish will not be

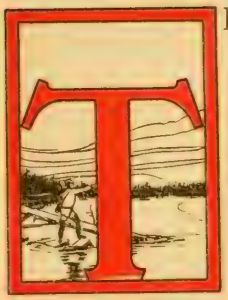
wasted. Except in such an abnormal case I have always governed my own conduct, even in the wildest country, by the rule of taking no more game or fish than my party could reasonably use, and have found this method of regulating the bag, easy, simple, and satisfactory, while in more settled country my limit is always put far short of that allowable in the wilds. In big game shooting some waste is unavoidable, for a very few good heads are accompanied by an amount of meat that no ordinary party can possibly consume.

The late editor of one of our magazines, devoted to sport, was so strongly in favor of game preservation as to have, at times, gone beyond the bounds of good sense in his ideas and of good manners in their expression. By unassisted wisdom he determined just how many of each particular kind of game or fish one man should take in one day, announcing his decision, *ex cathedra,* without allowance for different conditions or circumstances, evidently feeling and almost saying that any question of his dictum was blasphemy and any violation of his order a crime. Such ill-regulated thinking and writing is to be deplored, both as a painful exhibition of unrestrained passion, and as checking the growing tendency toward reason and moderation in sport through, often, by denunciation for which there is no sufficient cause, arousing antagonism and resent-

ment. Fortunately this gentleman's journalistic activity has now ceased.



Other Fish On The Fly



HE delicacy of the appliances used, the convenience of having everything needed immediately accessible, the stimulating shock to the nerves when a great fish bursts out of quiet water, the freedom from the necessity of hunting for bait, keeping it alive in transport and use, and handling what is likely to be wet, slimy, squashy and otherwise disgusting, are all very strong reasons for preferring fly fishing to the use of bait; but my own very great preference for the former comes, I think, chiefly from the fact that there is so much room for improving one's ability in the art and gradual progress toward perfection, which is of course never reached. Fish may often be taken with the fly at times and places where no other method will be nearly so effective, or perhaps successful at all, so the acquirement of this talent is likely to much extend the true fisherman's opportunities for happiness.

The *salmonidae* are so far the usual object pursued in fly fishing that the term has become associated with them, and one generally thinks of this form of sport as referring to trout or salmon only. Nearly all fish of predatory and active habit may, however, be

taken with the artificial fly, if time and place be favorable, and very good fun may be had with fly tackle, where the *salmonidae* do not exist, if the fisherman will make a study of local conditions. We have all heard that black bass will take the fly, but few of us, I think, have often seen them do so; in my own experience bass would not often rise at all and, even when they could be induced to do it, much greater success was obtained by trolling with the flies or, still better, a small, bright spinner with a red fly attached to it. With this rig one can have as good bass fishing in the wild and unfished lakes of the Temagami country as could possibly be wished for, and these bass were a revelation to me of how big a fight a bass could put up. On Bear Lake I began by putting out two light rods, one armed with a small cyclone spinner and red fly and the other with a white casting spoon, and inside of two minutes had a three pounder on each rod at the same time. Of course there was nothing to do but to wedge one rod between my knees and attend to the other, but both fish proved to be well hooked and, after the first was landed, the second was still there and was boated in his turn. I used only one rod after that and it would in an hour supply all the fish we could possibly use in a day, so our fishing each day was short.

In the early spring small lake trout have occasionally risen to my flies when casting for *fontinalis,*

Lake and Speckled Trout

and been supposed to be the latter until the forked tail showed the difference, but this degenerate member of a noble family is apt to stick to the depths at most times. Toward the end of September they come onto the shallows and offer pretty good sport to light trolling tackle, but at best they are rather sluggish fish and fight more like a pike than a trout. In Temagami they abound and on account of their large size and great numbers fishing for them is fairly amusing, especially as the Indians at Bear Island are always glad of any that can be spared, and so one can catch a good many without pricks of conscience.

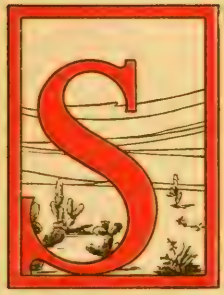
Pike will occasionally take the fly. I have caught only small ones in that way myself, but saw a twelve-pounder taken on a large scarlet ibis at Meacham Lake last spring. Walleyed pike have taken the fly for me in the rapids of the upper Ottawa, but the spinner was much more attractive to them. Yellow perch prefer the minnow or other bait, but I have seen them strike at flies and be caught on them. Spotted weakfish, small bluefish and Spanish mackerel can be caught in great numbers in Biscayne Bay and other Florida waters on mullet bait, spoon or artificial minnow, and the fly will take them sometimes. Doubtless persistent trial would prove that many salt water fish could be caught in the latter way also.

The beautiful and active white bass of the great

lakes will rise boldly to the fly and give excellent sport, at favorable places and times. They seem to always travel in schools and to actively compete among themselves for anything that looks like food. Any good-sized, noticeable fly seems to be effective, the plain or royal coachman on a number four hook having given me the best results. To get good fly fishing for white bass one should find a place where the water is clear and moving in a current and try for them there in July or August. An ideal place is at the trestle work openings in the great embankment of the Lake Shore railway crossing Sandusky bay. Here the local fishermen gather in the summer days and I have often tried my flies against their bait and found the fly beat the bait many times over. If two or more flies are rigged on the leader the first bass that strikes will tow the other flies around and pretty certainly catch for you another bass on each. When the water happens to be really clear, which unfortunately is seldom, the white bass can be seen dashing back and forth like a school of mackerel, and one can take as many as he will permit himself to. With their silvery scales crossed by a few narrow purple lines they are very handsome to the eye, and will be found, without the scales, equally satisfactory on the table.

Various Small Game

WESTERN TEXAS.



OME interests in El Paso caused me to spend several weeks in that city for a number of successive years around eighteen hundred and ninety and I always managed to work in some shooting in the intervals of business. This western part of the State, extending eastward to beyond the Pecos river, is an arid wilderness, and to eastern eyes seems at first view absolutely incapable of supporting life of any kind. The valleys are broad plains, dotted with greasewood, cactus and stunted yucca, bordered by bare and rugged masses of mountain many miles off, and with a dry stream bed near the center fringed with thorny mesquite and tornillo. The sun glares out of a cloudless sky, little whirlwinds carry pillars of dust over the plain, and the country seems to all deserve the name given to a part of the great cattle trail from El Paso north, "Jornada del Muerte," the Passage of Death.

Later one learns what wonders have been accomplished by irrigation, and how a constant artificial supply of water will make this apparently barren soil yield crops which, in quality and quantity, far exceed any

that the most fertile eastern soil can produce, but still one must realize that the available water is very limited in quantity, that it can be supplied only to a part of the low lands immediately surrounding the streams, and that nine-tenths or more of the country must always remain desert. At noon everything is blank and bleak under the pitiless hard light, but in the evening and morning the barren mountains become rich masses of color and shadow, at night the stars blaze with a brilliance and splendor never known in the north, and one comes to feel that even the desert has its peculiar and powerful charm.

Through the city of El Paso runs the channel of the Rio Grande river, a stream with many peculiarities. Its great length and prominence as the southern boundary of the United States for many hundred miles, during the days of classes in geography made me think of it as comparable in size and importance to the Mississippi or Ohio, and it was rather a shock to find it just about so wide that an active boy could chuck a stone over it, and knee deep at most. It is smaller at El Paso than five hundred miles further up—evaporation and irrigation drawing on its waters and there being practically no inflow after leaving the mountain country, and is higher in early summer, when the snows on the mountains melt, than at any other time. Of late irriga-

tion has increased so that all the flow is absorbed and to see any water in the channel at El Paso is unusual.

Mountain sheep are not uncommon in the Sacramento mountains and other ranges, and I once saw four brought in, of which two were rams with very fair heads. Black tail deer, bear and wolves are also reported to be rather plenty; but I could never during my stay spend the time necessary for an expedition after such big game, and hunted only the small feather and fur. The valley quail, with its beautiful plumage of blue, cinnamon and slate and its dainty black head tuft, abounds along the river bottom and would give most excellent sport were it not for its abominable propensity for running. It is useless to walk after these birds, for they will travel a good deal faster than you can, and when a flock is located one must run up at once, trusting that the flock will rise and scatter when they settle, after which they will lie even more closely than the northern quail. When kicked up they fly rapidly and one must shoot straight and use fine shot, for a wounded bird is practically sure to run, hide and be lost, and only those killed are saved. Over the Sierra Blanca east of El Paso, where the railway passes at an elevation of something above six thousand feet, the mountain quail takes the place of its cousin, being the same in size and habits, but clothed in slate-color, brown and white, and with a crest like that of a blue jay or cardinal gros-

beak. The common wild dove feeds in great numbers in the big tracts of wild sunflower found all over the low lands, gives really very good shooting and large bags, and is liked on the table by those who care for the flavor of the pigeon, of whom I am not one. If a flock is driven out of a sunflower bed the birds will generally return one by one and furnish very pretty wing shots.

The Texas cotton tail rabbit is a pygmy, a full grown one seldom exceeding nine inches from nose to tail. The flesh is very white and delicate, all the chicken pies, salads and curries of that country being made from rabbit as a matter of course, and being most excellent. The little bunnies dodge about among the greasewood and mesquite and afford capital snap shooting as they dash from one cover to another. The big blacktailed jack rabbit is also abundant, but seems to be shot only to protect the crops and never eaten. To knock over a jack crossing you at full speed one must allow at least six feet at fifty yards range, besides considering his up and down orbit also, so such shots are not so easy as one thinks. I lugged my first jack, ten pounds at least, some two miles under a hot sun, only to be laughed at when he was shown up.

Wild geese and ducks are said to be plenty along the Rio Grande at certain seasons, but they did not come my way.

Blacktail Buck—2

LAKE ERIE MARSHES.

Extending from Sandusky Bay westward the shores of Lake Erie and its bays are often bordered by extensive marshes, and these form a halting place for great flocks of migrating waterfowl, which feed on the wild celery and stay for some little time before starting on again. Most of these marshes are controlled by private shooting clubs which have put up comfortable houses and maintain an elaborate plant of men, boats and other necessaries for the shooting, as well as a force of keepers, wardens and lawyers, to keep off trespassers and carry on the continual legal fight which is essential to preserve any rights at all to their own property.

Fall duck shooting always involves a lot of hard work and a good deal of exposure, but these clubs have eliminated the disagreeables as far as possible, and one does his shooting with all the modern improvements and with surprising comfort. The boats used are small, double ended and flat bottomed, and the sportsman sits facing forward near the center, with his guns in racks on each side and his box of shells under the seat. The punter stands erect in the stern and manipulates a ten-foot pole with a paddle blade, in the use of which these men are very expert. Narrow and winding channels twist through the reeds and rushes, opening out here and there into little ponds or sloughs, and in the very early dawn each boat will disappear into one of these,

pole, shove and drag until a satisfactory place is reached, and then build a blind, put out decoys and, if all goes well, accumulate a fine bag. The punter shoves the boat, makes the blind, arranges the decoys, and wades through the mud after the game, so the hunter generally has only to keep warm over his boat stove and shoot straight. A shift of wind, however, may change the level of water a foot or two and, should such a drop catch him well back in the swamp, he must get out the best way he can, perhaps wading for miles through fathomless mud and dragging his boat at that. It is impossible to realize what hard work such a tramp is until you try it. Each leg sinks to or above the knee at every step, and it takes all one's strength to pull it out, and twenty steps would make it necessary for me to stop and puff.

Swans and wild geese generally keep to the open water and do not come near the marshes; canvas backs, red heads and blue bills also prefer the open, but can be decoyed to the points facing the wider water or to the scattered reedy islets which are farthest out. Teal, mallard, widgeon and others go deeper into the swamp, as do coots, gallinules, rail and other waders. On account of the long shots, the strength of the birds themselves, and the number of cripples which must be stopped or lost, this sport is a great consumer of cartridges. At the end of a week I usually find that from

four to five shells have been expended for each duck actually bagged, while in quail shooting one bird for each two shells was a fairly good average result.

NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS.

In 1887 a severe accidental injury made it necessary for me to give up work for more than a year and spend the winter in a comparatively mild climate, and by the doctor's orders most of this time was spent among the southern mountains around Asheville. This country contains bear, deer and wild turkeys, though not in great numbers, and the mountaineers, who are very reluctant to do real work that pays, will take unheard of trouble after game, so do not leave much large game for the visitor. Fortunately these people generally have neither the skill nor the guns necessary for wing shooting, so the quail do not greatly suffer from them and their pursuit was my principal amusement during this enforced vacation. Quail are very numerous in the cultivated fields along the narrow valleys and one's first shot is generally in the open; but they are apt to fly at once to the brush and forest covered hillsides, after which one has strictly snap shooting at single birds, in which for some unknown reason I can do better than in the more open style. Certainly if you catch a bird's line through the thickets, toss up the gun and shoot without conscious aim, and then find your bird stone dead when you peep around the corner, the grati-

Whitetail Buck—3

fication is far more keen than that given by an easier shot.

The open season then extended from October to April. In the fall the coveys often contained up to thirty birds and occasionally we found packs of nearly a hundred, several coveys having evidently joined together. The birds were then quite tame and their flights short and a daily bag of thirty or forty per gun was not unusually large. Later in the season the coveys were thinned out, the birds much stronger and more wary,—their flights often being half a mile or more—and a dozen or fifteen birds to a gun was a good day's result. Starting a covey and taking toll from it on one day we could be pretty sure to find the survivors in about the same place on coming back there the week after, a brood evidently sticking pretty closely to the neighborhood where it was born.

All through the south good saddle horses can be had for hire at very reasonable rates, so we used to start out in the saddle, ride five to ten miles, put up or hitch the horses, shoot in that neighborhood and then ride home; but we grew lazier with experience and would first ride from place to place, dismounting and hunting likely fields; then we came to following the dogs on horseback, dismounting only when the birds were found, and finally tried on several occasions to shoot from the horses' backs, this last experiment being indif-

ferently successful, not that the horses minded it much, but one's movements were too much hampered for good shooting. The quail were not alarmed by the horses so as to rise at first, but would scramble along through the grass for some distance, being in plain sight all the time, which I have never seen when on foot.

COAST OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In the fall the scoters and other sea ducks migrate southward, following the general line of the coast and crossing from headland to headland, and every year some of us would try to get away from college duties at Cambridge for a day or two with the "coots," our favorite ground being at Manomet point, a bold headland some miles south of Plymouth. The hunters get out long before dawn and anchor their dories about a hundred yards apart and in a line extending straight out to sea for a mile or more, later arrivals often forming a second and even a third line to the southward, the lines being about two hundred yards apart. The flocks come down from the north flying close to the surface of the water, and seem to often take the boats for rocks and come right over them, when you must wait till the birds have passed and shoot from behind, for experts say that shot will glance from their feathers if it strikes them head on. Only too often, however, a flock will take the alarm, swing out to sea and circle the further boat well out of shot.

These birds are very hard shelled and need a mighty blow to bring them down. I used a number eight bore, with five drams of powder and an ounce and a half of number one shot, and it was none too powerful. Plenty of times, especially when a big loon came down with the ducks, one would hear the shot strike as if he had shot a barn, but the big fellow would give a little jerk and go sublimely on, or possibly set his wings and strike the water a mile away and far out of reach. The ducks are very dark in flesh, strong and fishy and of little use on the table to a cultivated taste, but the sport is amusing and the natives are glad to use the game.

The Florida Keys

ROM Miami to Key West and beyond extends a shallow sea dotted with small and large islets. Toward the north and west these are little but mud, mangroves and mosquitoes, but toward the east and south they often show white beaches of coral sand and sometimes a little soil capable of cultivation, while cocoanut palms are not infrequent. The belt of isles is from ten to forty miles in width, and around the inner ones stretch wide sounds of shallow water and broad flats of sand or mud barely covered by the tide. Between the outer keys are frequent channels called creeks, through which the tide ebbs and flows, and beyond the outer line on the east coast is a belt of shoal water from three to five miles wide extending to the Florida Reef, from which the bottom plunges downward rapidly to the channel of the great Gulf Stream. On the west coast the water is shoal all through the Bay of Florida, deepening gradually toward the Gulf of Mexico. The whole region naturally divides itself into two districts, the "east coast" and "west coast," as they are commonly distinguished, the territory between the keys being rather similar to and generally included with the latter. These two districts

differ considerably in the character of their waters and the inhabitants thereof, the east coast being washed by water of crystal clearness, peopled by the Spanish mackerel, kingfish, barracuda, amberjack, and others that more rarely appear on the western shore, while the waters of the west coast are more cloudy, and inhabited by the great rays, the sawfish, the sheepshead and the drums, gray and red. The tarpon frequents both coasts, but appears earlier and is, I think, more numerous on the west side, while sharks are common everywhere.

The eastern fish and fishing have been most fully and carefully described by Mr. W. H. Gregg in his admirable work, "When, Where and How to Catch Fish on the East Coast of Florida," and Mr. Chas. F. Holder, in his fascinating volume, "The Big Game Fishes of the United States," has written most exhaustively and lovingly of the principal tenants of both districts. Anyone contemplating a fishing trip to Florida will find these two books give abundant information as well as the keenest pleasure. My own experience is limited to a little fishing near Miami a year or two ago, and a month's cruise of very recent date; in which last I saw and fished most of the country, but at an unfavorable season and with unusually bad weather. Still we succeeded in taking forty species in all, including most of the principal fishes of both coasts, with the unfortunate exception of the tarpon, for which we were far

A Grouper

too early, having started our cruise in the middle of January and ended it half way through the following month.

To get the best results the northern fisherman might leave Miami about the middle of March, spend two weeks on the east coast, and reach Marco or Punta Rassa about April 1, by which time he ought to find tarpon. Doing this he is not likely to meet with many "northers," which put an end to all fishing while they blow, and still will be early enough to escape any great heat and the worst of the flies, which last are present in places favorable for them at all seasons, but are not very bad until spring, when the west coast is said to be almost intolerable, and even the more favored east is not free from the scourge.

In part from my own limited experience, but mainly from the evidence of my guides, I think there is really nothing especially desirable in the way of rod-fishing in the west except for the tarpon; but, should the fisherman succumb to the attractions of the chase with the spear, as he is likely to do after the first trial, this district is the better for it.

In the excessively clear waters of the east, fish have every opportunity to see the angler and his line, and they do not fail to make the most of them. As a consequence nearly all are extremely shy and madden one by the calmest indifference to the most seductive baits.

To obtain success one must get his bait to the fish while himself at a considerable distance, and this must be done either by trolling or by making a long cast or letting the sinker run down with the tide, and the bait lie on the bottom until a fish strikes. Of course a running sinker must be used, so that the lightest nibble can be felt. If these fish were surface feeders, one could have ideal sport with the fly, and I understand that this has been successfully tried by one or two anglers when fishing in shallow waters. There seem to be few large flies in the country, and the fish live on minnows or crustaceans, so the fly is not offered to them as a fly, but as a strange, moving, and therefore living, object, which is presented and snatched away until a rush is made at it and the unwise investigator is hooked in consequence. Mr. Dimmock, whom I met at Marco, and who has done wonders with the camera and with the spear, tells me that he has had excellent sport with channel bass and small tarpon by using the fly in this manner.

In the channels between the keys fishing is greatly dependent on the state of the tide, as fish seem to travel back and forth with the currents while feeding, and when the tide is running strongly it is very difficult to feel the delicate nibble, which is usually all that is given. Slack water and the hour or so preceding and following it is the favorable period, and if fish are not

taken then you had better try some other place. On the outer reef this is not so much the case, and one can often find success at any stage of the tide. Florida fish are, however, very freaky and uncertain, like most other fish, and often choose their time for biting and for refusing to do so without apparent reason; but patience and diligence will bring success in the South as in the North.

As most of these fish are bottom feeders, a pretty heavy sinker is usually necessary for still-fishing, and this dead weight is of course a nuisance in fishing and a great hindrance and disadvantage in playing a fish when hooked. In the channels and shoal water one can generally use moderately light tackle, though it is always possible that you may hook something large enough to endanger your rig. On the reef to use light tackle is to court disaster, as you are practically certain to strike a monster that even the heaviest rig will barely save. At Alligator Reef my companion had his line broken twice, and twice had the full two hundred yards carried away by some irresistible power. Having never before used a tarpon rod or a twenty-one thread line, I grew to think them equal to any strain that could be exerted, so twice had the line broken at the leader knot through holding big amberjacks too tight, and, having hooked two big sharks while trolling for king-

Hynnis Cubensis

fish, succeeded in both cases in breaking the line without losing much, more by good luck than by any skill.

Some months ago Mr. L. F. Brown asked me to join in a discussion as to whether fresh or salt water fish were the stronger. Having then had but little salt water experience, I did not feel qualified to express an opinion. Now, however, my conviction is fixed beyond shaking that the salt water fish, weight for weight, is greatly the more powerful. No one who has seen the rushes and leaps of a barracuda, felt the mighty surges of an amberjack or the wild dashes of a kingfish, can for a moment doubt that to any of these the heaviest salmon tackle would be as a thread of gossamer. Using a twenty-four-ounce six-foot tarpon rod and a multiplier holding two hundred yards of twenty-one thread line (tested to a dead pull of forty-two pounds), and equipped with a pad brake, I have repeatedly had more than a hundred yards torn from the reel, in spite of the greatest pressure that my thumb on the brake and my gloved left hand clasped around line and rod, could possibly exert, by fish that proved when gaffed to weigh only twenty pounds or thereabout. After playing and landing my largest amberfish—four feet long and weighing forty-five pounds—my left arm at the elbow ached very sharply, and I actually had to rest for ten minutes before daring to risk it in another such struggle. Our fishing was done from a big launch and was

difficult in consequence; it would have been much easier if done from small boats which the fish could tow.

I had with me a light steel bait rod which had handled very many large black bass and lake trout in the Temagami country, and used this rod whenever it was reasonably safe to do so, taking on it numerous sheepsheads, channel bass, bluefish, Spanish mackerel, groupers, jacks, runners and other fish, weighing from one to five pounds. The sheepshead and channel bass were certainly less vigorous and persistent in play than our brave small mouth black bass, but the bluefish, mackerel, and especially the runners and jacks, were very much stronger, pulling much harder and fighting more fiercely and longer than any bass of equal weight that has had a discussion with me.

The play of the great pelagic fishes caught on or outside the reef is interestingly different. The barracuda, sabre-toothed and pike-like, makes fierce and long side runs, and often leaps repeatedly clear from the water; the kingfish, splendid in blue and silver and iridescent with pink and purple, takes the bait with a rush that often carries him ten feet clear of the waves, the squid in his jaws, and then dashes wildly from side to side, away, down, up and everywhere. The amberjack does not leap, but marches away with a force that nothing seems able to check, utterly refuses to yield to pressure, never seems to tire, and is of all fish I have

met, the one that fights longest and steadiest, with a fund of reserve power that it seems impossible to exhaust. The huge grouper, battleship of fishes, resists heavily and immovably, and is only too apt to get into a rock hole and leave you trying to lift the State of Florida.

Since returning, many have asked me, "Will not your experience with these great and powerful fish make your beloved trout seem small and uninteresting?" To which I answer, "A thousand times no! It has been wonderful fishing, a very interesting experience, and one to be remembered with great pleasure, but I don't care much to repeat it. The tackle is too heavy, the work too hard, and the fish too many and too big. Far preferable to any of these splendid fish is *fontinalis,* with his personal beauty, wiliness and wariness, lovely surroundings, and the delicate tackle which must be used to ensnare him. As gossamer gut is to piano wire, as the finest silk line is to heavy linen, as a number twelve hook is to a ten-naught, as a tiny artificial fly is to a five-inch block tin squid, so is the pursuit of *fontinalis* a finer, more delicate and more attractive sport than any that Florida has shown me. The southern fish are magnificent, superb, in all ways admirable; but the heavy tackle which must be used in taking them robs the sport of much of its charm. If Florida ever sees me again, it will be that I may once more use the spear, not the rod."

Log Of The Mystery

GASOLENE cabin launch "Mystery," forty-two feet long, eleven feet beam, twenty-horsepower gasolene engine, sloop rigged, chartered by Trask and Newberry, of Cleveland, Ohio, for a month's cruise from Miami to Punta Rassa, via the Keys of Florida.

Charles R. Meloy, owner, captain and cook, thirty-five years old, born in New Haven, Conn., tall and strong, has been prize-fighter, railroad man, and now owns the "Mystery" and charters her to fishermen.

Captain John R. Roberts, pilot, forty years old, born in Wisconsin, a gentleman by birth and training, handsome, agreeable, with property enough to support him comfortably. Has been in the United States Volunteer Army in the Philippines and got a captain's commission there at close of war. Traveled over most of the world, now makes his home in Miami and fishes, shoots and guides as part business and part amusement.

Walter Jenkins, assistant engineer, deck hand, general utility, "cracker" by birth and education. Sixteen years old, tall and thin, smokes cigarettes all the time. A well-intentioned boy, but apt to forget things and be picturesquely cursed by the captain in consequence.

Trask, general agent of a big insurance company, short, stout and jolly.

Newberry, lawyer and manufacturer, tall, thin, and the keeper of this log.

Monday, January 16.—Sailed from Miami one P. M. High north wind; bright sun; trolled down Biscayne Bay without results. Went aground at mouth Cæsar's Creek, twenty-four miles south from Miami, about five P. M., on a falling tide. Stuck there all night.

Tuesday, January 17.—Cold north wind; rainy, got off ground about six o'clock with great difficulty; anchored in Cæsar's Creek for breakfast; went after crawfish for bait and the table in a branch creek; got a lot of them with the spear, weighing up to five pounds each. Very good sport and food, tasting like lobster. Found a school of silver moonfish up the creek, and secured seven by casting the spear; the most beautiful fish I have ever seen. One twelve inches long and ten inches across, was three-quarters of an inch thick, and all shining like mother of pearl and silver. Caught a few grunts in channel late in the afternoon—very good on table.

Wednesday, January 18.—Sunny; northeast wind. Caught a parrot fish and a grunt from the anchorage. Moved up creek again. Speared crawfish and moonfish. Tied up to mangroves, where water was about

Catch At Alligator Light

twelve feet deep and perfectly clear. Many blue and yellow angelfish and snappers visible, but they would not bite. A large school of salt water chub in a cave under the bank. Caught a dozen of them about two pounds each with light rod, small hook and a very small bait; very active and strong fish, and interesting fishing, as one had to strike when the fish darted at the bait, which would be taken off before the bite could be felt.

Thursday, January 19.—Warmer; showers; wind east. Down channel and outside keys to Angelfish Creek. Caught a few grunts. After lunch ran up through creek and down inside keys to Steamboat Creek. Fished there for snapper; caught one and two little sand perch. At five ran down creek and anchored outside. Fished for snapper at mouth of creek. Mosquitoes fearful. Trask caught three snappers, small, and then hooked a four-foot stingray, which towed him round awhile and was led out into the bay. We got gaff and grains; Roberts grained him, the hook giving way then. I gaffed him, and we both towed him to the boat. Captain grained him again. Walter broke the barbed lance in his tail with an oar, and we hoisted him on deck. Estimated weight eighty pounds, dark olive back, white below. Slept in bay that night; no flies; fair night.

Friday, January 20.—Wind, west, light; bright and warm. Back to Angelfish Creek. Down outside to

Indian Key, about thirty miles south of Angelfish. Rigged tarpon rods and wire leaders for expected big barracuda. Trolled down, some strikes from mackerel; no fish. Anchored one-quarter mile north of Indian Key. Caught abundance of runners (or hard tail), snappers, grunts, a yellow tail and fifteen or twenty of the curious "half-beak"—a silvery fish from ten inches to fifteen inches long, about one inch deep, tail with lower blade the longer, and a long protrusion of the lower jaw making a three-inch or four-inch beak, the upper jaw short. These swim in schools near the surface, and take very gently a small hook with piece of crawfish about half an inch square. Very lively, but too small to give sport. A four-foot shark made a dash at one of my hooked fish, and nearly got him.

Saturday, January 21.—North wind; fresh; cool. Landed on Indian Key, shot two doves and could not find them. Tried to catch groupers in rock holes along shore. Saw some of five to eight pounds, but couldn't get them to bite. Caught some small porgies and grunts off the cay. Moved to our last night's anchorage. No fish but a school of half-beaks. Caught eight with one bait. Later got several good mutton fish, runners, etc. Fish bit for last part of ebb tide only. I fell backward from the after deck into the cockpit, camp-

stool and all. Ought to have broken my neck, but got off with a scare and a few strains.

Sunday, January 22.—Wind, north, light, falling to almost nothing; warm and pleasant. Up at five-thirty; breakfast. To Alligator Reef Light, three miles southeast. Trolled around light with tarpon rod, reel and line, piano wire leaders, ten-naught hooks and six-inch bait, pork rind or fish. Caught twenty-one barracuda, from ten to thirty pounds, five amberfish from twenty-five to sixty pounds, five groupers from ten to seventy-five pounds, two Spanish mackerel eight pounds each. Lost a good many fish and several hooks and leaders. Perfectly wonderful sport. Very gamy and strong fish, especially the amberjack, which, in sustained power, excels every fish I have known, weight for weight. Is first cousin to the California "yellow-tail." The work very hard, and after each big fish was gaffed, one wanted to sit down and gasp, and rub his aching muscles. I was astonished at the strength of the tackle, and got to think it would hold anything, so lost two big amberjacks by holding them too tight and breaking my line at the leader knot. A hammerhead shark, about ten feet long, swam close around the sloop while we were anchored for lunch. Tried in vain to shoot him; fished for him with shark hook but he wouldn't bite.

Our total catch was thirty-three fish, and I estimated total weight over seven hundred pounds. Trask

A Shark—Free

had two reels fail him and broke his line twice, and so took my spare line and reel to go on with. His click slipped off, the reel overran and snarled the line, and the next rush broke it. Largest grouper was about four feet long, seventy-five pounds; largest amberjack, four and two-thirds feet, sixty pounds; largest barracuda, four and one-half feet, thirty pounds. The barracuda plays like a salmon, making long side runs and often leaping repeatedly. One of my large fish went clear out five times. The amberfish play deeper and do not leap, but are much stronger weight for weight and fight longer. The groupers surge heavily, play deep and get into a hole if they can. Took fish to Indian Key, photographed them, and gave to a "Conch," as the natives of the keys are called, all but four, so none were wasted. Find inside of sole leather brake pad deeply hollowed by friction against the coil of line on the reel. Had a plunge off the sloop. Very fine.

Monday, January 23.—Wind, northeast, light; fair. After breakfast started for Bahia Honda, outside the keys, a run of forty miles. Passed fleet of spongers about nine A. M., and of mackerel seiners, each schooner with a big seine boat in tow and a lookout on the jibboom end, about eleven. Toward noon saw several mackerel jump, but they would not strike the squids. About two-thirty two struck at the same moment, and were landed, four and one-half pounds each.

About three-thirty entered Bahia Honda harbor, passing near a small rocky islet with a large flock of pelicans on it. Shot at them muchly with small rifles with no results. Landed on Bahia Honda cay. Low coral reef, with rank grass and bushes on the higher part, and a few cocoanut palms in the distance. Caught a lot of small crabs for bait from under stones, and I speared a nurse shark about fifteen inches long. Back on boat, and caught a lot of small porgies and grunts before sundown. Going back to boat we saw a large stingray, speckled this time; but he got away too quick for me to spear him. They move through the water by motion of their wide flanges, which is singularly like the flight of a bird. Six P. M., wind north, light; quite warm. These southern keys have white beaches, and are inclined to be rocky and dry, quite different from the mud and mangrove cays for the first fifty miles south of Miami. Trask snores regularly every night, but not violently, and it don't seem to bother me any. He is very cheerful and jolly and a very pleasant companion.

Tuesday, January 24.—Anchored in channel before breakfast; caught large grunts and porgies of about two pounds, and one pork fish, silver with yellow and black stripes. Started for Key West about eight o'clock. One valve stem of engine broke about ten o'clock; drifted for two hours and repaired it. Trolled with big rods over some reefs for about an hour after

lunch. I caught a fifteen-pound grouper, and had one more strike. Trask got one strike, but no fish. Started for Key West two-fifteen P. M., about eighteen miles away. Timed the boat for an hour this morning. She made seven and one-half miles towing her rowboat behind, and with two trolling lines out. A perfect day; north wind early in day, and quite brisk. Now, two-thirty P. M., soft S.W. wind; very warm and perfectly clear; water, turquoise, with purple patches of rocky shoal; wind, light, northerly, increasing.

Wednesday, January 25.—Wind, northerly fresh; fair weather. Took some photographs, bought supplies, etc. Dropped my glasses into the harbor while trying to photograph a two hundred-pound jewfish tied to dock. A genial colored gentleman fished them out and seemed grateful for a quarter. Wind rose rapidly, by noon blowing a norther. Shifted boat to south of steamer pier; cold and cloudy; dined at hotel; a very bad dinner. Cold night; wind high.

Thursday, January 26.—Norther still blowing very cold. Sun out about ten; warmer. Think we are stuck here for a day or two. Storm all day, very cold, extra blankets bought and slept in underclothes and stockings.

Friday, January 27.—Fair; cold north wind. Many fish picked up by boys, so numbed with cold as to be helpless. Wind falling and somewhat warmer.

Drove with Trask to Martello Towers, old forts east of town, and took some photographs. We had been told this could not be done without a permit, so drove to the barracks, and were told that the commanding officer was at Fort Taylor. Drove to the fort, passing through a gate where a sentry was stationed, who said nothing to us. After some inquiry found a group of officers at one of the batteries, prominent among whom was a stout, red-faced, grizzled personage. I lifted my hat, and he said, "Well, sir." I said, "We are told that permission to inspect the Martello Towers is necessary, and beg leave to ask to do so." He thundered, "How the devil did you get in here?" and, without waiting for a reply, began to abuse our driver for bringing citizens into the fort and threatened him with the guard house; ordered the officer of the day to arrest the sentry at the gate and have him tried by court martial. Said to me most gruffly, "Am sorry I can give you no permission to see any of the fortifications," and stalked away. The whole performance was so absurd that it struck me as funny, and I did not begin to realize that our dignity as American citizens had been offended until about next day. The army is amusing when it gets on its hind legs and prances, and this particular individual may have been a very good officer, but seems to have lacked training as a gentleman. We found the towers prac-

tically ruinous, and nobody objected to our visit to them.

The island where not cleared is a desolate wilderness, sand and rock covered by scrubby jungle. Got some more supplies and hope to start in morning for the west coast. This storm appears to have been general all over the country, with zero or below in northern cities and freezing or below far down into Florida, and has doubtless done great damage. Saw a jewfish on dock, about six feet long and very thick and heavy, would weigh at least three hundred pounds, brown, mottled with lighter shade and very ugly. Large turtle crawls on dock next us. Full of green turtles. Some very large ones. Toward night wind much lighter, and temperature much milder. Night cold, but not nearly so bad as the last one.

Saturday, January 28.—Cloudy; light northeast wind. Started at nine-thirty. On the way passed a small shark and a hawksbill turtle, circled to try and spear them, but they both got out of the way. Reached Bahia Honda three-thirty. Landed on Pelican Key, got two shots at flock of small beach birds with shotgun. Killed several, but only got two, others washed away. Fired four shots at pelican on the water, about three hundred yards, with .22 rifle; first shot short; second and third nearer; but still short. Fourth caught him through the neck and killed him instantly. Picked

A Shark—Hooked

him up with launch, full-grown female, very handsome plumage, spread of wings seven feet. Much larger bird than I supposed. Anchored inside channel. Quiet night.

Sunday, January 29.—Cloudy; heavy black bank to the east. Started for Cape Sable nine A. M. Skinned the pelican; beastly job. Partly cloudy; light north wind. Are running up inside keys, and shall strike across in an hour or so and get out of sight of land. Bay of Florida. Water shallow, today muddy from long storm, so pale turquoise. Cape Sable about three P. M. Up along shore to Sawfish Hole. Very shoal water. Anchored off postoffice of Flamingo, near some small keys. Few drops of rain in evening. Quite comfortable temperature. The pelican skin kept me busy for four days, hanging it up to the sun to dry, covering it with canvas when it rained and putting it away at night. It got wetter and worse smelling every day, and I finally gave it up as a bad job and threw it overboard.

Monday, January 30.—Fair, light east wind, comfortably warm. Up at sunrise. Went to keys with shotgun and rod. Shot a great white heron and a qua bird, or night heron. Caught a sea trout three pounds. Roberts speared a drum of about same size. Picked up a chilled burrfish. Yellow ground, fine black stripes in pattern, emerald eyes, yellow border, spined profusely on back and head to tail; eight inches long. Af-

ternoon, speared a red drum, shot a Florida cormorant and young white ibis, called "curlew" here. Fired many shots. Shot (No. 8), too small. Warmest night yet.

Tuesday, January 31.—Fair, light east wind; warm. Fished for drum around keys, no bites. Shot at a red drum and missed him. Speared a gray drum, twenty pounds, which croaked repeatedly when in the boat. Roberts picked up a fifty-pound tarpon, dead, evidently killed by cold; no mark on him. After lunch started for Shark river on west coast. East winds became high about noon. Still quite warm. We were disappointed at not seeing a sawfish, for which this last spot is noted. Had cormorant and curlew stewed for dinner. Both horrid. Tender, but with a dead and gone aftertaste that was abominable. The red drum proved an excellent table fish. About two-thirty ran hard aground on bank a mile from shore. Tide went out and boat lay over twenty degrees or more. Engine broke down just after we struck. Tinkered it, tide came in and we got off about seven-thirty and anchored in channel. Big lot of porpoises puffing and jumping around us. Wind fallen; warmer.

Wednesday, February 1.—Fair; wind east, fresh. Fished off boat. Trask caught four sand perch; I didn't get a bite. Ran along coast past the triple capes called "Sable," toward Shark river. Reached same

about noon. After lunch went up river in boats. Fished, but caught nothing. Shot two Louisiana herons and a young one of the "little blue heron." This last was pure white, the ends of the primaries very slightly marked with bluish. In about two years the bird becomes deep blue all over. Trask shot an adult. Took skin of back and wings of my Louisianas. Two porpoises in river; Trask shot at them with his big rifle and missed; Walter chased them with grains, but couldn't reach 'em. Mosquitoes numerous here. Shall pull out for Marco and Pavilion Key or Punta Rassa in morning.

Thursday, February 2.—Partly cloudy; warm; wind very light, southwest. Left Shark river before breakfast. Up coast; stopped Pavilion Key, twenty miles north, for clams. Tide too high. Bay full of big drum fish, showing fins above surface. Roberts speared three, twenty, ten and eight pounds. I shot at two, but did not fetch them. Kept on north. Saw great flocks of pelicans on sand bars and reefs, touched on shoals off Cape Romano, but did not stick. Reached Marco channel about five P. M. Stuck on bar outside. Got off and made entrance all right. Grounded again in river, pulled off and dropped anchor off Marco P. O. Half a dozen houses and good-sized hotel and store. Mailed letters, and were given New York papers to January 30, and invited to supper, but declined; clothes

not good enough for ladies' society. Shot at flock of ducks, but got none. Shall get a few supplies and may stay here for a day if fishing and shooting good. Mailed letters. No mosquitoes. Good night.

Friday, February 3.—Fog at sunrise. Light showers once or twice during morning. Caught fiddlers on point; great droves of them there. Went up creek and caught three red drum (channel bass) about two pounds each. Struck a great sheepshead hole. Caught a dozen, from three pounds to one, and stopped because I wouldn't catch more. They are very light biters, and great bait stealers. Trask caught half a dozen and stopped. We gave all we could not use to hotel. Got some fruit, beans, etc. Roberts grained a whip ray, about two feet across. Started for Punta Rassa, noon. Pelicans and porpoises all the way. Many dead fish floating—mostly catfish. Near Sanibel passed a loggerhead turtle close by, six feet long. Trask wanted to shoot him and Roberts to grain him, and the turtle woke up and dived while they were discussing. Saw a great devil fish jumping near the light. He went clear out six or seven times. Was eight feet long at least, and much wider than that. Anchored at Punta Rassa at sundown. Got letters and telegrams at hotel. The threatened northwest storm did not materialize. Starry night.

Saturday, February 4.—Partly cloudy; east wind,

light; cool, but pleasant. After breakfast sailed to Fort Myers for supplies. Sixteen miles up Caloosa river. Shot at many ducks, bluebills; bagged one, and had my glasses kicked off into the river. Got supplies, waited until morning for ice. Nothing doing. Caught two snappers off dock at Punta Rassa, small. Bluebill ducks in Myers harbor amazingly tame. Shooting is prohibited there, and the ducks know it. They are wild as usual a mile away.

Sunday, February 5.—Foggy; easterly wind; fairly warm. Ice late in coming. Left order to send it to Punta Rassa and sailed nine A. M. Stopped to fish for trout. Caught none. Shot two bluebill ducks, and picked a bushel of oysters off bar—excellent. Caught a five-pound sheepshead off dock at Punta Rassa, and Trask caught a six-pounder. Great sport for our light rods.

Monday, February 6.—Fair; light southwest wind; warm. Ice came nine A. M. Sailed to Sanibel Light, nine-thirty. Picked up many and large variety of shells on beach, and caught four or five sheepshead, four pounds each, off dock. Sailed for Marco, ten-fifteen A. M. On beach at Sanibel many dead fish, killed by the late freeze. Men at Punta Rassa say that about all fish caught in shallow water were killed. Three dead sharks and a dead porpoise on bar. A beautiful run to Marco; light southeast wind. Long swell from

A Shark—Landed

gulf. Got to Marco at four P. M. Took in gasolene and caught fiddlers.

Tuesday, February 7.—Fair; light southeast wind; warm; a perfect morning. Got up before sunrise, dressed and rowed to shore for fiddler crabs, caught about four quarts in a few minutes. They covered the ground so as to make large brown patches on the edge of the mud flats, but scattered in a very lively way when approached. It was a muddy job, but rather good fun. Started at seven-thirty, following a launch that was to make the run through Big Marco river, a tidal channel through a multitude of islets, hard to distinguish and follow and to find good water, for most of it is quite shallow and the channel swerves perplexingly from side to side. We scraped several times, it being dead low tide, but got through all right in about two hours. Saw many herons, ibis and ducks, and a very few of the rare roseate spoon-bill, called "pink curlew" here. A big bald eagle sat on a mangrove just as we came out in the open. The mangroves grow down to low water mark, their trunks being raised to high tide level on a cluster of spider-like roots. Branches and pendant roots hang to the water and are often encrusted with oysters, always small and not eaten where the bigger and better kind, which are always water-covered, can be had. Reached Pavilion Key about noon. I fished for drum with no results; could hear their croak

all around us, but they would not bite. Grained a big fish in five feet of water. He raced around with the pole for two or three minutes before I got hold of it; then surged mightily against my pull, and finally worked loose and got off. Must have been a forty-pounder, probably a big drum. Grained a big stingray and lost him after ten minutes. Trask went out with Roberts, who grained four sharks and lost them all. Was pulled overboard by one of them. In the evening went wading for clams by lantern light on the big flats, left bare, or nearly so, by the tide. A very weird and queer experience. Got a few clams only.

Wednesday, February 8.—Fair; warm; light easterly breeze. Whole crew went after clams after breakfast, and kept us waiting three hours, which might have been much better employed in running south. I tramped the beach with shotgun, missed a big hawk, or rather failed to stop him, and saw nothing else. Tide very low, and a striking difference in the appearance of the island. Got under way about nine-thirty for Cape Sable, and beyond if we can get there.

Pleasant run to Sandy Cay. Arrived four-thirty P. M. Anchored one-quarter of a mile south. On shore with gun. No game. Saw thirty or more great white and blue herons perched on one tree, and two bald eagles on a dead stub. Shore swarming with large horseshoe crabs, in clusters of from three to twelve.

Trask caught one catfish off yacht and stopped fishing. Quiet night; warm. Slept without a blanket for the first time.

Thursday, February 9.—One month from Cleveland; twenty-four days from Miami. Fair, bright and very warm; wind southeast, light. Started at eight A. M. for Indian Key. Run is among sand banks, not reaching the surface, the sea being entirely open, except for some small cays to the north, and the deepest water being seven feet to eight feet only. Passed fleet of spongers. Went through a narrow channel between sand banks, and anchored off Lignum Vitæ Cay at two P. M. Hunted crawfish in the rock holes along shore, speared one hundred and nineteen, mostly big ones, and salted them down. Anchored off Indian Cay about four P. M. Caught a lot of runners and jacks, nothing else; very strong fighters, but worthless on the table. Threw them all back. One pound to two. Very hot night. Slept without covering and with windows open. All very restless.

Friday, February 10.—Wind S. E., light; very warm. Fished off boat before breakfast. Caught only runners. Saved a few for barracuda bait. To Alligator reef after breakfast. I caught three barracuda, ten, fifteen, eighteen pounds, and three Spanish mackerel, seven, seven, four pounds. Trask caught two barracuda, two groupers, one mackerel, about the same size,

and a two-pound parrot fish, green and yellow. I fished under the light for snappers and hooked a good one, who instantly ran under one of the iron braces and broke my line. An impossible place. Saw a lot of them outside, but they wouldn't look at a hook. Sharks began to appear, so we rigged a shark line, baited with a chunk of barracuda, hooked and lost a six-footer, and caught a ten-footer, whom Trask quieted with his big rifle. Three remoras were attached to it, each about two feet six inches long. We speared them. Roberts dived for a lot of sea fans and a starfish—he is a great swimmer and diver. He hit a gray snapper with the spear, but it failed to hold. Back to Indian Cay about four P. M. I fished today with my medium-weight rod and a No. 12 line, until a big barracuda made a tremendous rush, and my reel overran and snarled the line. He kept quiet just then, and by backing the yacht I managed to reel in a lot of line and save him. In his last rush he again snarled the line, but was too far gone to break it. This trouble was caused by the pad brake on this reel not being clamped tightly enough to the bar, so that it fell back every time I reeled in and required some time to get into service when the fish made a rush. Very hot all day. The big fish made us work very hard, so we suffered. Fishing today was much inferior to that of our former day at the same place, which was evidently exceptionally favorable; we saw

great numbers of fish, but they were not inclined to bite. Half a dozen barracuda often followed our baits for a long distance before one could summon up pluck enough to strike. Clouds banked up in the north this afternoon, which preceded a sharp blow from the north and northeast, rising about seven P. M., and increasing to quite a gale. Captain rowed out and set the second anchor, and we are riding easily, being protected from any sea by the shoal water on a bank just north of us, bare at low tide. It is much cooler, which is a pleasant change. We fished in channel here after returning from light and caught only hard-tail runners, all of which we threw back. High wind and heavy rain in showers, continued all night.

Saturday, February 11.—High wind, due east, working toward the south during the day. Fair; partly cloudy. Yacht lay at anchor in channel all day. Water grew very cloudy. I tried to fish, but the boat kept swinging about sixty degrees, going nearly across the channel with each swing, so I gave it up after awhile. Nothing doing all day.

Sunday, February 12.—Cloudy; brisk S. E. wind; too high for us outside. Shall try the inside course north. Had a rough sea for a mile, getting round outside to the channel. Ran back of Lignum Vitæ Key through narrow channels of blue water winding through broad flats, brown and yellow, with here and

Spearing Crayfish

there a young mangrove stem, and saw flocks of white herons, ibis and other waders. Came out into a sound several miles wide, beyond which we got through a crooked pass in a sand bank, just wide enough for the boat, dragging her skeg through the mud to do it. Crossed another sound several miles wide but, on sending out a small boat and sounding, found we could not cross the bar beyond it. Ran several miles north for another crossing but, owing to the wind and sea having made the water muddy, missed the channel and got hard aground. Couldn't get off with the engine or poles, so ran an anchor out, put the small boat on the fore deck and filled it with water (to bring the bow down and the stern up). The captain and Roberts got overboard and hoisted; Walter worked the engine; Trask and I hauled on the anchor cable, and we got off. Roberts found channel, and we got through into another big sound. Ran seven or eight miles through this, passing three flamingoes feeding on a bar, brilliantly scarlet against the green water. There was quite a sea running, which once bumped us very hard on a high place and started a small leak astern, but did no serious damage. Got into Boggy creek all right, dragging a little, but grounded hard at the other end, and had quite a time getting off, repeating our earlier performances in all details. Finally did so, ran through the new sound to the mouth of Jewfish creek and anchored

outside of it. All hands were pretty tired, and we served out drinks from our only bottle of whiskey, which were much appreciated.

Monday, February 13.—Partly cloudy; wind S. W., light; warm. Had a fine plunge over the side before breakfast. At that meal Trask sat on the side of the table where the movable leg is, and, on getting up, knocked the leg out, precipitating half the contents of the table, including my unfinished breakfast, to the floor in a grand smash. Ran through Jewfish creek, a narrow channel bordered by mangroves, with shoals at entrance and exit and deep, dark water inside. I trolled with a No. eight Skinner spoon, and half-way through saw the break of a good fish as he rushed and missed it. Let the rod go back, and he struck heavily. Everybody happened to be forward, so I let the reel run as much as necessary, held the fish in the center of the channel and yelled like a wild Indian. They thought I had fallen overboard and all came rushing back, stopped the engine, and I finally landed a twelve-pound grouper, a very strong and hard fighting fish, though rather slow in his rushes.

We went through another sound. Then through Steamboat creek, crossed Barnes' sound and down through Angelfish creek to the sea. Got aground at head of Angelfish, but were off without much trouble. Ran up outside of the keys to Cape Florida, and an-

chored in Bear's Cut at about four P. M. Caught several spot, grunts and groupers off the boat with light rod. Hooked something big, but lost him at the first rush.

Tuesday, February 14.—Wind shifted to north during the night. Partly cloudy and cooler in morning, with N. E. wind. Think it will be rough outside, and the captain seems to hesitate about going out. Fear we may lose our kingfishing, with which we had hoped to end the trip gloriously. Fished off boat before breakfast, but caught nothing. Captain fussed over a lot of trifles and was evidently afraid to venture out, but about nine o'clock other boats came along bound for the grounds, and we finally started. Found some swell outside, but nothing to speak of, and could see the white sails of quite a fleet of boats on the grounds several miles to the north. When we got near the southernmost we put out our lines, I using tarpon rod, twenty-one-thread line and a five-inch block tin squid, and Trask trying lighter tackle. Trask gave his rod to Roberts for a moment when the first fish struck his squid, was reeled in pretty close, and then broke the line. I had a number of strikes, the fish leaping five feet or six feet into the air and knocking the squid high above the water. Presently there came a mighty jerk, and the line ran out fifty yards in spite of my fullest pressure on the brake pad. Then I checked him, reeled

in a little, lost it and more in another dash, and finally got the fish near the boat and Roberts hoisted him in and swung him into the big fish box, getting one finger badly gashed by the sharp teeth in trying to free the squid; blue and silver, a yard or more long, fifteen pounds. Now we were in the middle of the fleet, and the fish were striking every minute or oftener, jumping ten feet straight up, knocking the squids into the air, and every now and then being hooked. I seemed to generally land them, while Trask's lighter tackle lost fish after fish. Presently he struck something which, in steady, successive surges, ran out his whole two hundred yards of line and broke it at the end, doubtless a heavy shark, of which we could see a number about. Twice sharks seized my hooked fish, and were hooked themselves. The first was a very large one and impossible to hold, so, at the sudden and huge increase of pull, I grasped the reel firmly, threw my whole weight back, and broke the line close to the leader. The second shark was smaller and was checked and turned somehow after the first rush and brought quite near the boat and into plain sight, proving to be about seven feet long. There he dashed back and forth while I balanced against the swell and skipped from one side to the other around the big fish box, while Trask and Roberts madly danced the ladies' chain in their efforts to get out of the way. It was impossible to land the

fish and I only hoped to save my line, so was not sorry when a dash under the stern brought it across the rudder and cut the shark loose.

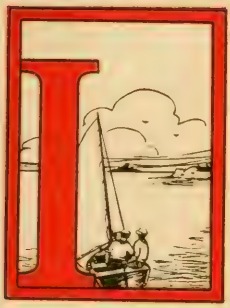
Trask rigged out with heavier tackle, and we both caught fish, from ten to fifteen pounds each, until we had a dozen or more. Then I reeled in the line short and held the squid within twenty feet of the stern, and got strike after strike, the fish showing no caution whatever, and could not avoid hooking one every now and then. Then we took our cameras, trying to get a snap of a leaping fish, and made several exposures, which may turn out good, though the best leaps were generally just when we were not ready or the sun was wrong.

At noon we had about twenty fish and started back for Bear's Cut, being fully satisfied. On the way I hooked and landed, after a great fight, much the largest kingfish we took, four feet one inch long, and weighing thirty-five pounds. His first rush took out nearly my whole line. Came in to Bear's Cut, had luncheon, shifted into civilized garb and started for Miami, and the end of our trip. Got aground on the bank near the cut, but got off in half an hour.

The kingfish, in combined power, dash, vigor, beauty and grace, surpasses any fish I have ever known. His numbers, on certain very restricted grounds, seem unlimited. There must have been at least forty boats out today, and the hand-line fishermen caught an enor-

mous number. Even with our rods, which are very much slower than hand lines, we could certainly have taken many times our catch had we been willing to do so. We have had a delightful experience with a most noble fish, have taken discreetly of his bounty, and none of our trophies will be wasted.

An Indian Mound



IN THE summer of 1873, three of us, boys from eighteen to twenty years old, were camped on the Island of Put-in-Bay, in the western end of Lake Erie. We had a boat, flat-bottomed, about sixteen feet long, and rigged to carry a spritsail and pull two pairs of oars. We had a small sail made for her, and said: "This sail will be a great help when the wind favors us. At other times we will row." But we never did row. When the wind was contrary we waited for it to change. We did not row five miles all through that glorious summer. And we had a splendid time. We stayed on one of that cluster of islands until tired of it, and then, when the wind came favorable, sailed off to another. We fished, hunted, geologized a little, plundered the farmer's vines, and generally enjoyed ourselves. But finally we did really do some serious work, and that is what I mean to tell about.

The northern barrier of Sandusky Bay is a long island, named Catawba, and only separated from the mainland by a creek. We had heard of a remarkable Indian mound on the western shore of this island, and one beautiful July morning started out to find it. We had shovels, picks, and all the necessary digging im-

plements; kettle, frying-pan, coffee-pot, and all the more necessary feeding implements; plenty of stores; lots of muscle and pluck, and last, but not least, a favorable wind. On the western shore of Catawba Island is a little islet, barely a quarter of a mile square, called Sugar Rock. It lies in a deep bay and is connected with the main island, on the north, by a narrow reef of pebbles, bearing a single line of trees. On the south there is a similar reef, not reaching the shore and, through the interval, is a passage to a broad and quiet lagoon, one of the few places where the great *nelumbium* shows its strange pallid flowers and its wash-basin leaves. The islet is covered with trees of good size, is rocky and uneven in surface and, on the southwesterly side, rises into cliffs of some sixty feet in height. On the highest point of these cliffs, facing the west, was the mound we were anxious to investigate.

Our first camp was on the shore of the lagoon, and that proved to be a mistake. Not that the ground was hard. We were used to that, and a convenient straw-stack materially palliated that difficulty. But how thick the mosquitoes were! Right here let me enter my protest against Captain Mayne Reid. We had all read his books, and had learned that fresh pennyroyal, bruised and used profusely, would certainly drive away the boldest mosquito. We were at the believing age, and believed in Captain Mayne Reid and pennyroyal. So we got lots of it and calmly prepared for the night

and mosquitoes. We bruised that pennyroyal; rubbed it on face and hands; covered ourselves with it. Did it hinder the robust mosquitoes of the wild and watery west? Not a bit of it. They liked it. It seemed to stir them up to a more eager activity than common, which was unnecessary. Put it down in big letters that pennyroyal, as a mosquito preventive, is a humbug.

In the morning we changed our camp to the western shore of Sugar Islet itself. It took a good while to get settled, and to get the commissary department properly supplied and going. One never understands how much time and labor has to go to supplying the ordinary requirements and comforts of life, until he gets into camp and does for himself. And then he don't get the ordinary comforts, but he has some extraordinary pleasures that go far to make up for their absence. But, nevertheless, a man who is ordinarily weak and lazy had better have a guide to do the camp work. The extra expense is cheap at its cost, and so is the extra comfort.

There was a confiding farmer near by with whom we negotiated for supplies, and obtained them at rates which seemed to us remarkable. White Clover honey at eight cents a pound; splendid household bread at four cents a loaf, and chickens on the hoof at fifteen cents apiece. The latter were running loose over the whole neighborhood. We had no firearms, and had to do the best we could with pebbles from the beach for

artillery. There was a good deal of labor to the capture of each chicken, but lots of fun in it, and it was afternoon before the camp was fairly organized and victualled, and we could get at the mound.

On the westerly angle of the islet, where the cliffs are highest, a level platform, approximately circular and about sixty feet in diameter, has been constructed, by filling the inequalities with limestone boulders, and in the center of this platform stands a mound, at present about ten feet in height and forty feet in diameter. Its surface was, and is, covered with loose masses of limestone, such as are now found everywhere on the islet, varying in size, but none too large for a man to lift. Upon the mound were two or three good sized stumps of the red cedar, their roots striking down through the boulders, and blackberry bushes and other brushwood made quite a tangle over it. Near the center was an excavation about four feet deep, made by a former exploring party, and we determined to attack at that point, widening and lengthening the hole.

The covering of boulders proved to be from one to two feet deep, and among them were enormous quantities of human bones, irregularly scattered, and much broken, but unmistakable. There must have been two or three bushels in the space we uncovered, which was a very small part of the entire surface. Beneath the boulders was an irregular layer of black vegetable earth, averaging perhaps six inches in depth, and be-

Bull Moose—1

neath this was a hard and compact mass of yellowish-brown clay, which formed the bulk of the mound. There is no such clay on the islet, and it must have been brought there in canoes, and thence carried to the site on men's backs. That clay was extraordinarily hard to dig, being very tough and dense, and containing small boulders, which were always ready to catch the edge of spade or the point of pick. Soon nothing but the pick could be used, and it took a good many minutes to work out a shovelful of earth. We were all city boys, pretty muscular and healthy, but not used to hard manual labor and the work told on us rapidly. But we stuck to it, taking alternately the pick, the spade, and the hoisting basket, and none of us thought of giving in until we had got to the bottom of that mound. Still supper time was welcome, and the hot coffee and broiled chicken were more delicious than anything Delmonico can give us now. Then how good the pipe was, as we sat around our camp-fire, made of red-cedar driftwood; and how soft the ground seemed when we rolled up in our blankets under the little tent, and how quickly we went to sleep, in spite of the pint of strong coffee inside of each of us. Then the glorious bath at sunrise, a hearty breakfast, and back to the mound again, with muscles that were pretty stiff at first from yesterday's labors, but which limbered up after a few minutes performance on the pick.

So we worked for two days, finding very rarely a

fragment of bone, and twice or thrice an arrow head, but nothing of particular interest until nearly the end of the third day. Then, beneath the clay and resting upon another stratum of black vegetable soil, nearly but not exactly in the center of the mound, we found a hearth, about seven feet in diameter by six inches thick and composed of pebbles from the beach. Upon this hearth lay about six inches of fine gray ashes, so completely burned that no fragment of charred wood or bone could be distinguished, and containing no implements so far as we could discover. At one end of this hearth, and almost exactly in the center of the mound, was a pile of limestone boulders, about three feet square and somewhat calcined on the side toward the hearth. Beneath these boulders was a deep cleft in the solid rock, such a crack as often occurs in these limestone cliffs. This we cleared of the earth and boulders which filled it, as far as we could reach, but found nothing.

This was the whole result of all our hard work, and seemed to us at the time rather small, but now I am not so sure of that. Here was a site extremely unusual in character and surroundings, and exceptionally conspicuous. A great amount of labor was expended in leveling the surface and preparing the hearth, and the fire kindled there was visible for many miles around. Then came the very great task of carrying the clay from a considerable distance, and erecting the mound. All these things show that the fire was of extraordinary

importance, and the accumulation of human bones mingled with the covering of boulders seems to indicate that the spot possessed some great interest, sacred or historical.

Now what was the purpose of this fire? Was it sacrificial or funereal, and are the bones among the boulders contemporaneous with the mound, or subsequent to it? I don't know, and I wish someone who does would tell me.

Winter at Nassau

EW PROVIDENCE is physically a small and low coral island, the cap of a submerged mountain peak, soundings of twenty-five hundred fathoms being found within a few miles of the shore. Politically it and the other Bahamas constitute a self-governing English colony, with a Governor General and subordinate officials appointed by the Crown and a population of some seventy-five thousand, four-fifths of whom are black. Being English it is orderly and clean, and crime graver than petty theft is practically unknown. Economically it is the producer of sponges, sisal, fish and some fruit. The total productive industry is small and the rocky and infertile soil gives little inducement for cultivation, so that much of the land, once cultivated by slave labor, has gone back to wilderness and is covered by impenetrable jungle. The earth has but little to recommend it from the point of view of utility, beautiful and picturesque as it is; but the other two elements, air and water, are of a perfection beyond words. The shallow seas glow with turquoise, opal and amethyst, the deeps beyond are of the richest and purest sapphire, while every breath of air is laden with perfume and touches the cheek like a caress. From December to April the cli-

mate is delightful, warm but not sultry, breezy but never chill, and all the gardens blossom with roses and blaze with the splendid scarlet hibiscus, while the great plumes of the cocoa palms sway everywhere and grapefruit and oranges gleam golden through the green.

Our house, on the crest of the ridge just west of "Government House," was a picturesque old structure of coral blocks and mahogany, and equipped with black and smiling handmaids at seventeen dollars per month for three. Excellent mutton and passable beef were to be had in the markets, the best of fish, brought in alive, were plentiful, and big, spiny lobsters could be had for from three to eight cents each. Cohorts of dark-skinned market women bearing on their heads trays of fruit, vegetables, small eggs and lean chickens, came in procession to the back door every morning. Milk, cream and butter came in tins from the North, groceries from the States and canned things from England, and very decent cigars could be had for three cents each.

The outer protection of the harbor is a long, narrow island, on the outside of which is a beach of white coral sand, up to and over which brims constantly the wonderful clear blue water, making the perfection of bathing. Much of this islet is a fruit orchard and the bather is encouraged to consume gratis as much and as many kinds of tropical fruit as he can find room for, and the flavor of those oranges and grape fruit, fully

Our House

ripened on the tree, is a revelation to the Northerner, who has only eaten fruit picked partly green and ripened in transit.

For a hundred dollars a month I chartered a staunch two-masted boat about thirty feet long, with a crew of three blacks, all good sailors and willing, cheerful and biddable, as all Nassau negroes seem to be, and fished diligently and regularly on nearly every day for the five months from December to May, when wind and sea permitted, while my wife and daughters sometimes went along, but oftener amused themselves otherwise ashore.

Occasionally we tried bottom fishing, taking with conch bait blue, yellow and black angelfish, porgies, turbot, parrot fish and many others, most interesting in their amazingly brilliant colors and strange shapes. We were most successful in water sixty feet deep or so, and there, by means of a water glass, or without it when the surface happened to be still, fish at the bottom are clearly visible. If one could keep small bait fish alive he could doubtless have the greatest sport using these for the large kingfish, amberjack and others that will not touch a still, dead bait; but my boat was not fitted with a well and a tub or barrel proved a very unsatisfactory substitute, the "goggle eyes" dying very quickly in spite of everything that could be done. Most of my sport was therefore had by trolling.

From Fort Fincastle

The fish one takes in this way average large, with an occasional monster and are pre-eminently strong, so that the tackle must be suitably robust. A twenty-two ounce greenheart tarpon rod, six and one-half feet long, a large reel holding two hundred yards of twenty-four thread linen line and fitted with "Rabbeth" drag and pad brake, a four-foot leader of twenty-two gauge piano wire and a 12-0 tarpon hook, proved to be the proper outfit. Where the leader was made fast to the swivel a two-inch end of the wire should be left free and projecting, to catch the bait and keep it from running up the line, with the drag of the water when a hooked fish rushes, otherwise another fish will probably strike at the bait and cut your line off. The big hook is passed down through the mouth and out at the gill of a seven-inch bait, then turned and put through the body near the tail, the mouth of the bait is sewed up and made fast to the hook eye, to save pull and hold it in place, and one is ready for business. It was my custom to keep two rods ready baited and use them alternately, so that no time was wasted when a bait had been cut by a strike. Lines must be renewed once a month or oftener, and wire leaders every second day, as the salt water attacks and weakens them very rapidly.

Reels must be lashed to the rod as firmly as possible with half a dozen turns of stout line, a makeshift device but absolutely essential. When tackle makers

On Salt Key

acquire sense enough to fit heavy sea rods with locking reel bands, such as are put on all good salmon rods, lashing will be unnecessary and the outfit greatly improved. The backward pull and oscillation in reeling a heavy fish is almost certain to loosen a sliding band, so that an unlashed reel is pretty sure to drop off, in the height of a combat, with most disastrous results. The "Rabbeth" drag consists of a friction clutch, connecting reel handle and gears, the pressure being adjustable at will by thumbscrews, and should be usually set so that a straight pull of five or six pounds will draw line while the handle is firmly held. When a fish pulls more than that amount the frictions automatically give line, while a steady and strong pull is always kept up, so that he should never get any slack. With a fixed handle and pad brake only there is a danger moment, when the fish rushes and the hand is changed from handle to brake, and then it is that lines are snarled, knuckles barked and fish lost. Should the pull of the friction drag not prove great enough, one can readily increase it by turning the thumbscrews even while playing a "whopper." The pad brake can also be operated by the left hand, so that as great strain as the tackle will bear can be used at any time and varied at pleasure. The drag as now made has no means of locking the central nut, holding the handle to the reel, and some device for this purpose would be a much needed improvement, as the great strain will soon work this

screw loose. I have found it necessary to set it up with a screw driver half a dozen times a day, this need having been taught me by my reel handle coming off while playing a big rock fish, which promptly got into a coral hole, giving me half an hour's hard work to save my line, with the loss of fish, leader and hook. The rush of a big fish will whirl the friction disks so fast that one can scorch his hand by carelessly touching the metal of the handle, which gets far too hot for fingers to bear with comfort. A very strong spoon, seven inches long and one and a half wide, with a ten-naught hook firmly attached to the after end, will be found very killing when sufficient speed can be had. Those usually sold in tackle shops are far too thin and weak for this heroic sport and bend and break disastrously. A proper spoon should be of steel heavily nickeled and bear a hook of the best class.

This tackle is the same used for tarpon and tuna, which may weigh over two hundred pounds each, and may seem unnecessarily large for fish that do not often exceed sixty pounds, gamy though they are. But the tarpon and tuna are taken from small boats or power launches, which can be either towed by the fish or follow him with oars or steam. To take fish of such size and strength from a large sail boat, where all the work must be done by rod and reel alone, would be absolutely impossible, and with these conditions the West Indian angler will often wish that his weapons

were stronger still, before he lands a fifty pound kingfish or amberjack or gets a forty pound rockfish out of a hole in the coral.

For many miles along the northern shore of New Providence stretches a band of islands, keys and rocks, between and inside of which are channels and passages that are perfect for protected pleasure sailing and, to the inexperienced eye, look like the finest possible fishing ground, but the noblest fish rarely enter these and one's best fishing must be in the open ocean outside the islands, this being perfectly safe for a staunch boat, as a refuge is never far distant. Near the shore and along the reefs, in shoal water and over the purple spots, mutton fish, groupers, rockfish and others abound, with every now and then a big amber, yellow or black jack, while kingfish and mackerel are more common farther out where the sapphire water begins. Barracuda are everywhere, though usually more numerous toward the shore or reefs, while every now and then one takes a wanderer from South or North, often unknown to your boatmen and sometimes undescribed in English, if not in any tongue.

The sturdiest fighters of all are the members of the "jack" tribe, black, yellow, horse-eye, amber and others. They fight to a finish and with a power and fury that is alarming; even the smaller resist astonishingly and, when one has subdued and brought to gaff a fifty pound amberjack, he is more than willing to

let his aching arms and wearied heart and lungs get a good rest before he tackles another. Every foot of line one gets from a jack has to be hardly earned and when the fish is seen through the water he is pretty nearly ready to come into the boat. The jacks are of a very varied color and form and the specific distinctions are still somewhat doubtful. One day I took three fish that we called blackjack, one of which had the front dorsal long and falcate, the second had the fin short and plain, and the third was half way between the first two, while in size, color and general appearance they were almost identical. The blackjack, horse-eye, and the large amberjack are reputed poisonous, and this was entirely confirmed by the experience of my crew with two big fellows of my own catch, as described elsewhere. The yellow finned and black finned rockfish (*mycteroperca*) are also believed to be very dangerous, though I can give no personal testimony except that they are hard to conquer and that nobody will eat them. The ill repute of the barracuda as venomous is not deserved, so far as my own experience goes, though they have chopped off short so many of my hooked kingfish and mackerel that I loathe and detest their species, bold biters and active fighters though they are. The whole mackerel family, rangers of the open sea and preying on living fish only, or what they take for such, seem to be free of this reproach and can be always eaten without danger. Trim, powerful, swift,

unarmored, silvery, iridescent, beautiful, depending on power and speed alone, they are the nobles of the sea, and the ocean fisherman loves them best of all, from the huge tuna down to the dainty Spanish mackerel of the golden spots. They are the most dashing of fighters, the most lovely in color and form, and the most delicious food of any class of salt water fish known to me. Long and well may they flourish and may I soon meet them again.

The typical Spanish mackerel, according to Jordan and Evermann, has the golden spots separate, in irregular rows and not coalescing. Of the hundred or more I took at Nassau every single one had these spots, at least in the first row below the lateral line for two-thirds its length, joined into a continuous golden brown band, exactly similar in shape and position to the dark band shown on J. and E.'s cut of *S. regalis,* the spotted cero or kingfish, which I have never caught or seen. Evidently *S. cavalla,* the kingfish without spots, is the common form about Florida and Nassau. On the grounds near Miami I have repeatedly seen this latter fish, on the original strike, go ten feet or more into the air, while at Nassau they never more than broke the water and this only at the strike. I judge that this leap only occurs when the fish rushes at the bait from far below the surface and the impetus carries him into the air. At neither place have I ever seen a hooked kingfish leap during play, as the barracuda very often and

Three Kingfish

repeatedly does. The statements on page 288 of Jordan and Evermann's great book, and by Dr. J. A. Henshall, quoted in *Forest and Stream* of February third, 1906, as to the leaping of this fish, if taken by themselves without explanation, give the reader a false impression. Having taken some hundred of this fish I am certain that *S. cavalla* very rarely, if ever, leaps to get rid of a hook, as the black bass and barracuda regularly do. Mr. Holder, however, states that he found the spotted kingfish, *S. regalis,* leap repeatedly after being hooked, and of course his word is not to be doubted. It would therefore seem that these two very closely related fish have this decided difference in habit, which is curious. *Regalis* appears to be a more Southern form than *cavalla* and is reported to me to be rarely taken on the Florida coast or around the Bahamas.

The natives of Nassau know nothing of scientific fishing, the use of the rod and reel is practically unknown to them, and proper tackle cannot be had but must be bought in the North. The native "Conch" trolls with a big white cotton line, conspicuous enough to scare any fish, and one foolish enough to risk a bite is hauled in by main strength, often tearing away in the process. By actual test I found that the rod, using a small dark colored line, would get more than twice as many strikes as the hand line and would save a much larger percentage of the fish. Where fish are unusu-

ally numerous or exceptionally bold, as on the great grounds at Miami, a hand line will of course take many more fish than a rod, simply because they are hauled in "endways" and not allowed to take any time in play, but the sport is to all right minded anglers enormously inferior.

It was the morning of the last day of January. A brisk northerly breeze was sending big turquoise rollers over the bar of Nassau harbor and barring with white the deep purple sea outside. The New York steamer lay at anchor in the roadstead, and the stout pilotboat "Kestrel" tacked back and forth between the steamer and the white lighthouse on Hog Island point, swinging over the long seas and scattering spray as she met one higher than ordinary. Over her quarters protruded two stiff rods, each carrying two hundred yards of twenty-four thread linen line, tipped with four feet of piano wire, armed with a hook measuring an inch and a half across the bend, baited with seven-inch google-eyes, and held respectively by Mr. Umbstaetter of the *"Black Cat"* and myself. We had patiently see-sawed back and forth for nearly two hours, covering the ground where the refuse cast from the ship is likely to gather fish together, but had taken nothing but an eight-pound yellowjack and a couple of snaky and lancet-fanged barracuda, which latter we had grown to think vermin, strong and bold fighters though they are. At last there was a violent surge on my rod, a furious

scream of the reel as the line tore away, and the boat began to swing up into the wind to ease the strain, when a wild shriek came from the other reel. There we were, tossing in a heavy sea and driven by a fresh wind, with a big fish fast on each side of the boat at the same time, so that the quarry had every advantage. Repeatedly a fierce rush would exhaust our lines down to the last few coils, in spite of the utmost pressure of the pad brakes, and we would painfully retrieve a few yards, only to have it snatched away again. Luckily each fish kept on his own side of the boat until their first fury was somewhat quelled; but then they circled and twisted our lines together. It looked pretty hopeless, but in a momentary lull Captain John caught my rod, ran clear aft, passed it twice around my friend's line, and got it into my hands again with a few turns still on the spool. This crucial point passed, the rest of the battle was less strenuous, and we finally reeled in, gaffed and boated two kingfish of such size that it seemed absurd that our slight lines should have held them.

With these two blue and silver iridescent beauties on board, we again swung back and forth over the same ground, and just as we had about given up hope of more, I had another furious strike and battle, finally conquering a third kingfish, larger than either of the first two.

These three fish were carefully weighed in the presence of a good part of the population of the island, perhaps two hours after they were taken, and scaled thirty-eight, forty-one and fifty pounds full measure, my own catch being the larger two. They are generally said to be the largest kingfish taken at Nassau for many years, if they were ever exceeded; certainly I had never before taken, seen or known of any approaching the largest or exceeding the smallest, and my skipper, a boatman and fisherman among these islands as boy and man, says the same thing. I had very diligently fished these grounds for two months, and taken no kingfish over ten pounds, except one of thirty, which was considered very large. I claim no credit except for ordinary skill, but certainly had luck of the finest.

The play of these big fish consists of tremendous runs and dashes of most startling violence, with intervals of comparative quiescence, during which much needed line can be regained. At the very last, and when the fish first sees the boat, there is apt to be a sudden and furious rush, which is very likely to take the fisherman off his guard. An inexperienced guest of mine recently had his twenty-four thread line broken like a single thread by such a final dash of what was manifestly a very big fish. My two fish completely wore out a new rubber pad brake.

On February eighth I took, after a most strenuous battle, a kingfish measuring fifty-seven inches in length and weighing fifty-five pounds and a little over for good measure. He put up a splendid fight, first making long runs with the speed and fury characteristic of his noble race, and afterward resisting all invitation to a nearer acquaintance, with the heavy deep surges and bulldog resistance more often displayed by the amberjack. In spite of the greatest strain I dared put on my stout tackle it took at least half an hour to bring him to gaff, and neither the fish nor myself had any rest during the whole of that time. Sometimes the fish took charge and sometimes I did, while my crew of three were kept busy trimming sail to help keep him clear of the boat, under which he made a series of rushes that brought my heart well up in my throat, with a cold chill every time the line grazed the keel.

This splendid fellow was greatly helped in the contest by the fact that my largest amberjack, fifty-one inches long and weighing fifty-two and one-half pounds, was captured only an hour or so before, after a struggle from which I was only partly rested. Of course such an amberjack is not considered very large, but the captor of a fish of this size will not soon forget him. As a final result both my forearms were painfully sore and lame at night and the fishes were spared any further annoyance from me for a couple of days.

The struggles of a hooked fish excite all his neighbors, and they will follow him closely and strike at anything they see nearby. This is the case even with barracuda and amberjack, and notably so with the kingfish, which, like most of the mackerel family, is gregarious. If a second bait is thrown out when the first fish is weary and close to the boat, it is more than likely to be taken by one of his agitated satellites.

The fishing here is gloriously uncertain. One can put in several days with small results and then the same ground will suddenly yield an abundant and astonishing harvest. The fish, at least those that will bite, appear to be much fewer than on the Florida reef, so one's string is smaller in number, but the individuals are likely to be of greatly superior size. On the Miami grounds the kingfish swarm so that one's catch is often limited only by his sense of propriety, but the fish will average about ten pounds each and very rarely exceed twenty-five. Here I have never taken more than five kingfish in one day, and many days have been blank or nearly so; but those landed have run from five to fifty-five pounds and have averaged twenty-five or more. As one big fish is worth a hundred small ones, from the view point of sport, the superiority of Nassau is manifest.

Beside the barracuda, kingfish and amberjack, one also takes in trolling groupers, rockfish and the beau-

tiful and succulent mutton fish, all often of large size. The latter are taken in shoal water and near the reefs and seem to bite best when a considerable surf is rolling in. To handle a sailboat in such a place, practically in the outer edge of the breakers, takes skill of a high class in the crew. My own outfit, from Eleuthera, one of the outer islands, are a capital lot of men, and the way they brought the "Kestrel" back and forth over the spot where a big grouper had got me fast in a rock-hole, so that I saved rig and fish, in a heavy surf and in such shoal water that our centerboard scraped once or twice, was the very greatest credit to their seamanship.

My crew dried and salted the big amberjack and, with others, ate freely of it. Every partaker was very ill within a few hours, vomiting and purging violently, and next day my two men appeared with their eyes so swollen and inflamed as to be almost closed. This swelling lasted for some days, their eyes remained sensitive and irritable for weeks and they also complained of severe and general itching of the skin. This is a well authenticated case of the poisoning from eating fish which the natives dread so much, and the first instance which has come within my own observation. Large amberjack had better be omitted from one's bill of fare; fortunately they are so hard and tough as to be little temptation.

Amberjack and Kingfish

My catch of the twelfth was a varied one; three Spanish mackerel, two rockfish, a fine Nassau grouper, four barracuda and a four-foot shark. The last took the troll meant for better fish and put up a really fine fight, dashing to and fro like a kingfish, which he was supposed to be until the very last. Finally I struck something very heavy, the boat swung up into the wind at my hail, and the fish paused a moment. Then began a steady but irresistible motion; both thumbs pressed hard on the brake and the stout rod bent into a hoop, so that another pound would have broken it. Yard by yard the line was dragged away and the coil left grew smaller and smaller. I hung on desperately, calling to my crew to get the boat round and follow, and they tried their best to do it. The sails slowly filled and the boat swung a little toward the rigid line; but all was useless. The coil ran down and down, the bright spindle showed itself, the last turns slipped away, there was a sharp snap, and I was left with an empty reel and a broken heart, while the monster sailed off with the whole line towing after him. Neither myself nor my boatmen were to blame for this disastrous result; all of us did everything possible, but the fish was simply too huge and strong for us. From the character of this strike and movements he was pretty certainly an amberjack, and his weight could not be less than a hundred pounds and probably much exceeded that.

With a power boat capable of quickly following, or with a rowboat that could be towed, after the manner of tarpon fishing, we might have saved him; but from our heavy sail boat, playing him from the reel alone, this was certainly impossible.

So vanished into space the largest game fish I have ever hooked, leaving anguish and desolation behind.

A few days later we hooked and played to exhaustion, both of the fish and myself, a kingfish that made my fifty-five pounder look like a baby. After a most arduous combat he finally lay on the water only thirty yards away, practically helpless, and the reel was steadily bringing him closer and closer to the waiting gaff. Suddenly there was a rush of a great body through the water and a shark, at least fourteen feet long, swallowed that whole huge fish in just two bites, leaving me with a cut line and helpless. But for the fact that my crew showed such talent and power in vituperation as to make my assistance unneeded, I fear that the temptation to be profane might then have proved too strong for me. I am confident that this fish was close to six feet long and weighed at least a hundred pounds.

While trolling around Salt Key I had a very sudden and violent strike and the line was nearly exhausted before the first rush was checked,, in spite of full use both of my pad brake and the Rabbeth drag.

Then followed a combat equal in strength to that furnished by a forty-pound amberjack, but with longer rushes. I expected to develop a fifty-pound kingfish, but finally brought to gaff a strange fish, thirty-eight inches long, fifteen inches deep, less than four inches in greatest thickness and weighing twenty-four pounds. The pectoral fin was a foot long, crescent-shaped and very narrow. He was dressed in light blue and silver with most beautiful pink and pearl iridescence, and the broad upper lip was a deep and brilliant blue. The other fins were greenish with strong dark spots. My crew called him a whipfish, but said they had never seen one so large. Another African fisherman insisted that he was a "permit." In general style he seemed to me similar to the numerous and varied tribe of jacks, though very different from any species familiar to me. He was afterward identified by the Smithsonian as *Hynnis Cubensis,* having no common name, but closely related to the *pompanos,* and so far described only in Spanish, having been found on the south coast of Cuba and being rare there.

A few days later the "Kestrel" was swinging to and fro over the kingfish ground near Green Key. The fish were not hungry, only a couple of barracuda and a five-pound mackerel had been gaffed so far, and I was getting rather sleepy and nearly ready to start for home; so, when we gybed the sails and made a long

Barracuda

turn, I did not bother to reel in and the line lay in something like a half circle. There was a sharp strike and that curve changed to a straight line in half a shake of a lamb's tail. The way that line swept sideways, cutting off the tops of the waves, was a new experience, and the rush straight away that followed was thrilling. The fish was permitted to take his time and not hurried. There were fifteen minutes of very dashing play before he showed through the clear water, similar to the fight of a kingfish, but remarkably fast, and we finally boated something very like *S. cavalla,* but more slender, with longer head and more widely forked tail. The back was dark greenish-blue, the sides silvery with many vertical dark bars of hourglass shape, which faded out within ten minutes, and when the photograph was taken, three hours after, the sides and belly had grown quite dusky.

This fish was forty-six inches long, five and one-half inches deep and nearly cylindrical, and weighed twenty-two pounds, while a kingfish of the same length would weigh thirty-five. On reference to Jordan and Evermann, he proved to be a peto (*A. solandri*), said to be not uncommon about Cuba, and distinguished from the other mackerels by the long first dorsal, which contained twenty-four spines. He is evidently not a frequent visitor here, as my crew had never seen one, and proved to be super-excellent on the table. I have never hooked a more dashing fighter.

Among unusual fish taken were two specimens of the little tunny, differing from the great tuna only in size and some not noticeable details of structure. Very compact, full of energy, and very handsome in his dress of green and silver, but barely eatable, the flesh being dark, coarse and strong. Those I took weighed about five pounds each, though they are reported to reach twenty. Over the reefs I have also caught the agujon or houndfish, very long, slender and cylindrical, with a narrow bill closely set with sharp, green teeth, this being also the color of the bones. This fish fights very vigorously and on the surface, runs up on the line and throws himself out of the water. A ten-pounder, four feet long, is my largest; but I have seen one weighing sixteen. He is admirable on the table.

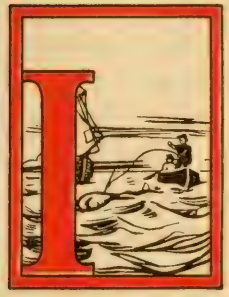
Sharks are quite numerous in these waters and will take the trolled bait if the boat is moving slowly. They give quite a surdy and lively play, which ends in disappointment when the shovel nose and olive green back appear. I have taken quite a number, the largest being about six feet nine inches and estimated to weigh about one hundred pounds. The blacks all hate sharks and my crew took great pleasure in carving up those we caught and throwing over the pieces to be eaten by their fellows.

For five miles west and fifty miles east of Nassau light I have personally tried the waters. Whenever

the weather permits fishing at all one can be pretty sure of getting something, usually will make a reasonably good catch, and every now and then will take either an extraordinary number, something unusually large, or a specimen that is new and strange. The unexpected and startling is always possible. Whether this constitutes good fishing depends upon the taste of the individual, but it is certainly good enough for me.

All the books on fishing give elaborate directions for the care of salt water lines, involving their being unreeled every night, washed in fresh water, dried and reeled up again. This will undoubtedly prolong the life of a line, but takes much valuable time, is a tremendous lot of bother, and in my opinion not worth while. A two-hundred yard tarpon line costs three dollars, will last a month without any care and perhaps twice that with the devotion of at least an hour every night to fixing it up. I prefer to buy a new line once a month and save the fussing. An enamelled trout fly line will last two or three years, without any attention whatever, if used as much as my lines are. When a good hard pull with the hand breaks the lower end of a line a few feet can be cut off, and a new line substituted when at last the old one gets too short for convenient use.

The Song of the Spear



HAVE a new song to sing—

A song of shallow seas, turquoise and purple, gleaming and clear as glass;
Of quiet bays shadowed by dark overhanging mangroves, with roots like spiders;
Of wide flats, brown and yellow over the sands and seamed with winding blue channels;
Of the solemn figures and hoarse voices of the herons white and blue;
Of blazing sun, pale blue sky and soft and balmy breaths of air;
Of emerald cays, ringed with white beaches sparkling like diamonds and set in sapphire, turquoise and amethyst.

There the great ray, the devilfish, swift, mighty, tons in weight, spreads his huge black wings;
The sawfish, broad and strong, brandishes his serrated blade;
The shark, stealthy, fierce and ravenous, lies in wait for his prey;
The sea turtle, longer than a man, sleeps floating on the quiet waters;

The tarpon, gleaming in silver mail, leaps into the sun
and crashes back into the sea;
The porpoise rolls over the waves, appearing and vanishing again and again;
The stingray lurks in the shallows, ready to wield his
barbed and poisoned lance.

See the light boat steal along, driven by a noiseless
paddle;
The figure poised in the bow, erect, alert, silent and
watchful;
The heavy shaft, barbed with steel, grasped in the right
hand, the coil of line in the left.
Look! the keen eye catches the faint shadow that tells
of a great fish.
A whispered word, a cautious retreat, a circuit to avoid
the watchful eyes;
A stealthy approach, a wave of the hand, the paddle
stops, the boat glides on without sound.
The long shaft rises slowly and is poised for the cast.

Suddenly the spear flashes through the air and vanishes
in the depths;
There is a wild rush through the water, a fierce strain
on the line;
The prey darts madly away, the barbs sunk deep in its
side;

The boat swerves fiercely and races along, driving surges and spray from its bow;
Then come minutes and hours of fierce struggle, of hope and fear, confidence and despair, until at length the quarry, exhausted, yields,
And the trophies of victory are taken, honorable, witnesses of skill and endurance.

Worthy the object, the slaughter of the fierce and ravenous beasts of the sea.
Great is the sport, demanding patience, caution, skill, strength and courage.
The ignorant may scoff at it and speak of it as coarse, bloody and brutal.
Even I, the fly-fisherman, in the days of my darkness and folly, have so believed;
But now I have learned to know better, and so will the others also;
And sportsmen in years to come will rejoice in a new pleasure and praise and extol it;
And some may thank me, and say, "He pointed the way and I followed."

So, with full heart and voice, I sing the first notes of my new song.
The devilfish, the shark, the sawfish, the stingray, the porpoise, the turtle of the sea;

The light boat, the silent paddle, the watchful eye, the cautious stalk;
The steady poise, the quick and mighty effort, the arrow flight of the barbed lance;
The wild rush of the quarry, the sudden and fierce strain on the line;
The surges, the flying spray, the boat half full of water;
The long struggle, the hope and fear, the joy of victory, the pang of defeat;
The sport of sports, the pleasure of pleasures, the joy of joys, the rapture of raptures;
The point, the barb, the socket and the shaft, the harpoon, the lily iron, the turtle peg, the grains;
I sing the song of the spear.

Bull Moose—2

Practical Suggestions.

IG GAME shooting and the best trout, salmon and bass fishing can only be found far from civilization, and to get them one must be able to travel until the right place has been found, and stay right in that place when it is found. To do this one must rely on himself alone for shelter, food and comforts, and therefore must camp out. With proper outfit and supplies, good guides, and reasonably philosophical and contented dispositions, even ladies and invalids can camp in the wilderness with perfect comfort, in spite of the worst that wind and weather can do; while, without these requisites, existence there will certainly be wretched. The very dainty and critical, and those who cannot cheerfully accept small annoyances for the sake of great pleasures, had better stay in the city. The novice should always advise with some experienced friend before tackling the woods, for there are no shops there and every necessary must be provided before the start, while anything not essential is only so much dead weight to hold you back, and the outfit and supplies strictly needed make a total mass surprisingly large.

Guides.

Make your arrangements by letter and well in advance, and try to make sure that you get experienced and trustworthy men. One guide for each sportsman, and a cook beside, is the allowance to ensure entire comfort and convenience. Men are paid three dollars each per day on the New Brunswick salmon streams and a dollar and a half in Newfoundland. These are extremes and two dollars per day is a fair average rate elsewhere. Boats or canoes furnished by the guides should cost from twenty-five to fifty cents per day each and the "sports" of course supply food for the whole party. The guides should furnish their own tent and blankets.

Supplies.

These should be purchased at the nearest point convenient to your destination, and packed in flour bags for ease of carriage. Everything should be stowed in cloth sacks or tin cans, as paper bags are sure to break and spill the contents. The following list includes all the supplies for my party of four "sports" and five guides, during a whole month in Newfoundland last fall, and proved entirely adequate and satisfactory. The jam, cream and other luxuries could of course be dispensed with if necessary, but are very nice to have along. The total seems very large, but one's

appetite becomes very active after the first few days, and each guide will eat twice as much as a "M'sieu." The total cost of the articles in this list, packages and freight charges included, was little under one hundred dollars.

250 pounds flour;
50 pounds corn meal;
25 pounds bacon;
25 pounds salt pork;
15 pounds butter;
10 pounds lard;
20 pounds sugar;
5 pounds table salt;
4 dozen eggs;
3 pounds tea;
10 pounds coffee;
10 pounds rice;
¼ pound pepper;
30 cans evaporated cream;
6 cans condensed milk;
24 jars jam;
8 pounds baking powder;
6 packages yeast cakes;
10 pounds cream of wheat;
6 pounds candles;
1 pound matches;
12 loaves bread;

2 gallons maple syrup;
1 gallon molasses;
15 pounds onions;
16 pounds evaporated potatoes;
5 pounds sea biscuit;
1 dozen soup tablets;
¼ pound mustard;
2 bars laundry soap;
2 cakes toilet soap;
5 pounds cheese;
1 small bottle Worcestershire sauce;
2 pounds plug tobacco;
100 feet quarter-inch rope;
1 ball twine;
1 clothes line;
2 packages toilet paper;
6 towels.
Total weight about 550 pounds.

Camp Outfit.

A proper camp outfit for a party of four would be about as follows:

Two waterproof Baker tents, 9¼x7¼ feet;
Four Johnson sleeping bags, Number One (1).
Four pantasote clothes bags, 15x36 inches;
Four pantasote ponchos;
One No. 8 cooking outfit, A. & F.;

Mountain Sheep—1

One dish pan;
One camp baker;
Three aluminum folding candle lanterns;
Two small axes.
Total weight about one hundred and fifty pounds.

Dealers in sporting goods will furnish complete cooking and table outfits, of tin or aluminum, varying in number of pieces according to the size of the party. A tin outfit for eight persons costs about eight dollars, and I have found them very good. Purchase in addition two large iron spoons, two small butcher knives, a camp baking oven and a dish pan.

In tents I like best the Baker model, which is shaped like a lean-to, highest in front and lowest at the back, and can be made perfectly tight at night and completely ventilated by day, in which most tents decidedly fail. It should be made of light waterproof duck or waterproof silk, and be fitted with a rope ridge and nine-inch sod cloth. Sleeping bags are lighter, warmer and handier than blankets and much preferable, and a small pillow adds greatly to one's comfort. Abercrombie & Fitch, of New York, make a specialty of furnishing camping outfits, as well as sporting articles of all descriptions, and their goods can be depended upon.

Guns.

The high velocity, small bore, smokeless powder rifles of good size are quite large enough for any game on this continent, with the possible exception of grizzly bears, and the lightness of gun and cartridges is a great advantage. The Winchester rifle is very strong and reliable in action, accurate and serviceable. I have five of this make of different calibers, and of these particularly like the thirty-three, model 1886 take down, which is light, handy, accurate and abundantly powerful. Lyman sights are much better than the ordinary open sights, especially if one's eyes are not of the best or failing a little, as they prevent the tendency to overshoot, which lack of experience or poor eyesight will always cause, and are particularly good for catching a quick aim; but you must take care to avoid clogging the peep sight.

If you are after big game, leave your shot gun at home and take a little twenty-two rifle or target pistol for grouse, ducks and other small quarry, and a good lot of cartridges for it. Few shells for the large rifle are needed, unless you propose to scare the game by shooting at a mark.

Clothing.

Take stout woolen clothing, light flannels, a sweater or two and plenty of woolen socks, a light rub-

ber coat and boots, soft brown hat, and two pairs of stout, easy shoes. Moccasins or moose tops are best for stalking. Pack all the personal outfit into a waterproof canvas war bag, putting your small articles in a little bag which packs inside the big one.

Fly Dope.

From June to September first the northern country is infested with black flies, punkies and mosquitoes, so as to make comfort impossible without protection. Most of the advertised preventives are disagreeable to use and many of them give very little help. Head nets protect, but are a great nuisance. I have found the oil of citronella very effective and not at all unpleasant. Carry a two-ounce bottle in your pocket and apply every hour, and you will not be seriously annoyed by flies. A piece of mosquito netting about six feet square, hung by the center so as to make a little tent over the pillow, will give complete immunity at night and is often very necessary.

Fishing Tackle.

For trout fishing I should get the following outfit:

One good split bamboo rod, nine feet six inches long and weighing about six ounces. Such a rod is light enough for small trout and still, if you have to

Mountain Sheep—2

stop a big one short to keep him out of snags or brush, has backbone enough to do it.

One rubber multiplying reel; small.

One Bray fly book, to hold twelve dozen flies.

Twenty-five yards enamelled waterproof line, size F.

One dozen best leaders, six feet long, six light, three heavy, three extra light.

Ten dozen assorted flies, eights and tens. One dozen midges, one dozen fours.

One square bottom landing net, with long and short handles.

One leader box. One canvas or willow creel.

Get everything of the best quality. Cheap tackle will fail just when you need it most.

For trolling use small cyclone spinner with Parmacheene Belle fly, for trout, and the same spinner with scarlet Ibis fly for bass. For lake trout use Skinner spoon or Buel spinner with blade one and one-half inches long, or Archer spinner with good sized minnow.

For bait casting, for bass or other fish of moderate size, use a Henshall or other good casting rod, six to seven feet long, with fine quality multiplier and forty yards of C or D enamelled line. Such a rod is also suitable for trolling. The Bristol steel rods are excellent for bait fishing or surface trolling, but should

Mountain Sheep—3

never be used in sea fishing, as they rust badly. For deep trolling nothing is so effective as annealed copper wire. This is awkward to use but gets the spoon or bait down where the fish are, and will take twice as many fish over the same ground as an ordinary trolling line. Two hundred feet of gauge twenty-two is just about right.

In General.

Go light; cut off every unnecessary ounce of weight. Don't break the game laws. Take no whiskey. Be patient and cheerful if luck or weather go against you. Stick to it and keep your temper. To cry or swear over your troubles does not help any, while to laugh at them makes them much less important. Understand that big game shooting is hard work, and be prepared to tramp long distances over rough ground, run when necessary, get up early and stay up late, and take sunshine and storm as they come. Even where moose and deer are most abundant you will find very few tied to trees for your convenience.

Horn Measurements

Moose—

Maximum spread,	55½	inches
Round horn,	7½	"
Length of antler,	38	"
Palms,	8x25	"
Front palms,	8x12	"
Points,	19	

Shot near Whitefish Bay, Lake Temagami, Ontario, October, 1902.

The points on these horns are unusually long and the front palms are large, distinct, exactly matched and each bears three points of about nine inches in length.

Elk—

Length on curve,	54	inches
Round horn,	8½	"
Spread,	36	"
Points,	19	

Shot in the Elkhead Mountains, Routt County, Colorado, September, 1894; a very heavy, regular and handsome head.

Caribou—

Length on curve,	38	inches
Round horn,	6¼	"
Spread,	32	"
Points,	36	

Shot in Newfoundland, September, 1903. These antlers are good weight, very regular and well palmated. The front paddles are large, well matched and the points interlock.

Blacktail or *Mule Deer*—

Length on curve,	18½	inches
Round horn,	3¾	"
Spread,	18	"
Points,	10	

Shot in Elkhead Mountains, September, 1894. A small regular head.

Virginia Deer—

Length on curve,	22	inches
Round horn,	4	"
Spread,	18½	"
Points,	8	

Shot at Meacham Lake, New York, October, 1896. A large and regular head.

Mountain Sheep—

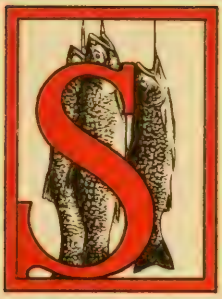
Length on curve,	38	inches
Round base of horn,	16½	"
Spread,	27½	"

Given to the writer by his father, John Strong Newberry, M. D., LL. D., late of Columbia College, New York.

A very large and beautiful head, with perfect horns.

Fifty Pound Kingfish

My Biggest Fish



PECKLED TROUT—

Weight, 3 lbs. 15 oz.

Sault St. Marie Rapids, August, 1881. Six oz. lancewood fly rod, Minnow bait.

Black Bass, Small mouth—

Weight, 5 lbs. 4 oz.

Length, 21½ inches.

Small lake near Kippewa in Northern Quebec, Sept., 1901, Six oz. split bamboo fly rod, short tip, scarlet Ibis fly on small spinner.

Salmon—

Weight, 6 pounds.

Hinds Brook, Newfoundland, September, 1903. Six ounce split bamboo fly rod. No. 8 Abbey fly.

Pike—

Length, 42 inches.

Weight, 14 pounds.

Meacham Lake, August, 1902. Six ounce split bamboo fly rod, short tip, number five Skinner spoon.

The pike shown in picture, page one hundred and fifty-three, was caught by Arthur Cleveland Newberry in Batchawaung Bay, Lake Superior, September, 1902, and weighed thirty-five pounds.

Grayling—

Length, 16 inches.
Weight, 1½ pounds.

Manistee River, Michigan, August, 1900. Six ounce fly rod, No. 12 fly.

Bluefish—

Weight, 12¼ pounds.

Outside Sandy Hook, June, 1876. Trolling squid.

Barracuda—

Length, 4 feet, 6 inches.
Weight, 30 pounds.

Alligator Light, Florida, January, 1905. Tarpon tackle, cut bait, a very slender specimen.

Amberjack—

Length, 4 feet, 3 inches.
Weight, 52½ pounds.

Nassau. Tackle as above.

Grouper—

Length, 3 feet, 8 inches.
Weight (estimated), 75 pounds.

Alligator Light. Tarpon tackle, cut bait.

Spanish Mackerel—

Length, 2 feet, 8 inches.
Weight, 12 pounds.

Nassau. Same tackle.

Whitetail Buck—1

Kingfish (Cero)—

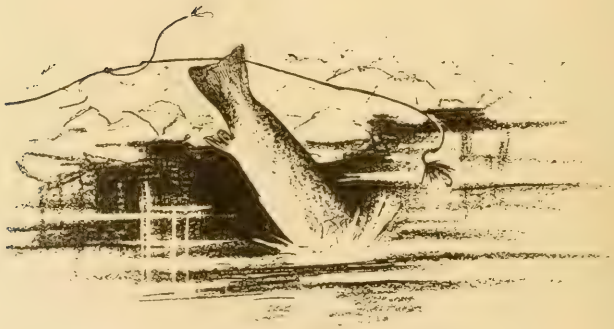
Length, 4 feet, 9 inches.
Weight, 55 pounds.

Nassau. Tarpon tackle.

Shark (on rod)—

Length, 6 feet, 9 inches.
Weight (estimated), 100 pounds.

Nassau. Tarpon tackle.



THE END

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